







MEMOIR

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OF

MRS. SARAH MURRAY WYLIE.

By A. M. R.

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INTRODUCTION.

THIS little volume was prepared at the request of one no longer among the living. A few weeks after the death of the daughter whose portraiture is here attempted, her father, in a letter addressed to the compiler of these pages, expressed his wish that "she would prepare a memoir of dear Sarah, that she might not be permitted to pass away without an effort to make her life useful to others." Two months from the day when that father bent over her dying couch, he was suddenly called to follow her to the world of spirits. Rarely has so beautiful an example of paternal love and filial devotion been furnished as by this father and daughter. "Lovely and pleasant were they in their lives; and in their death they were not divided."

Should it sometimes seem, in the course of this

narrative, that the veil is unduly lifted from the sanctities of domestic life and intimate friendship, it may be borne in mind that the work was requested, and has been prepared, for private circulation. The aim has been to present in her letters a continuous narrative of her life, and to allow her own pen to elucidate her mental and spiritual history. She often intimated a desire to give expression to her affection for her Master in a tract, which might testify for her when she was gone. It has been an encouragement to these imperfect efforts that they would help to fulfil that cherished purpose. She "being dead yet speaketh."

A. M. R.

WASHINGTON, CONN., November, 1860.

CHAPTER I.

Oh, though oft depress'd and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only,
Such as these have lived and died !

LONGFELLOW.

ARAH MURRAY JOHNSON was born in Philadelphia, March 27, 1826. Her father was a native of Hull, England. Her mother was of Scotch lineage, and also descended from Pocahontas, being connected with the Randolphs of Virginia. Her mother is described as having been peculiarly lovely and attractive; and her gentle hand doubtless sowed the seeds which, under the blessing of God, yielded so rich a harvest in the character and life of her child. Death soon invaded the happy circle. The babe of three months was first taken, and in a few weeks the mother followed her little son. She had been removed from

home, in the hope that a change of air might prove beneficial; but, her strength continuing to fail, she expressed a strong desire to return to Philadelphia, that she might die among her kindred. This desire was denied her. She gently breathed her last while her husband was seated by her bedside, unconscious of the moment when the spirit took its upward flight. In a most touching letter, found by her husband after her death, addressed to himself, she expresses her strong belief that if her little Sarah's life should be spared, she will be a great comfort to him; and begs him never to forget her immortal destiny.

Years passed by, and that letter had been guarded as a sacred thing from every eye; but, when the daughter lay upon her death-bed, her father resolved to show it to her. When summoned, by telegraph, to attend her dying bed, haste to be with his child occasioned it to be overlooked; but her time had not yet come. When next he visited her, two weeks later, he had it with him; but her pure spirit was struggling to be free, and earthly associations

were lost sight of in view of the heavenly inheritance beyond.

The loving kindred of the deceased took charge of the stricken household until the father's second marriage. It was easy for a nature, sensitive to kindness and quick to love, to render a daughter's affection and respect to one so calculated to win them as was she who now assumed the responsible duties of a second mother. Near the close of life, Sarah could look back through the long years to her childhood's hour, and say, "I do not think we ever had a hard thought between us, mother." During an absence from home, she writes,—

You must tell me, freely tell me, when I am wrong, dear mother. I can bear to be told of my faults a great deal better than I used to; and, many, very many, as I know they are, I think I am anxious to overcome them. Of one thing I am certain,—that I have never *consciously* disobeyed one wish of yours, never *wilfully* come short of it; though, oh, how often I have failed in my duty every way, I feel and know.

At the age of twelve years, she was placed at the school of Professor C. D. Cleveland. The impression she there made can best be conveyed by some extracts from a letter written by her beloved instructor:—

Sarah Murray Johnson entered my school on the 3d of September, 1838; and I can never forget her modest demeanour, and her sweet, bright, and eminently *honest* face, as she gave me her full name to be recorded in my book. I could not but feel, at once, that in her I had a scholar in whom I could entirely confide; nor was I ever in the least disappointed. She was with me four years; and I can truly say that her whole deportment was not only unexceptionable, but eminently exemplary. Such was the happy influence she exerted, that I remember hearing one of my scholars, who was her school-mate, say, "I always feel that I cannot do wrong when I am by the side of Sarah Johnson." Were I called on to name the most prominent trait in her character, I should say that it was *conscientiousness*.

I remember not the occasion that called forth the following note; but it evidently was one of not a very serious character, and one that most scholars

would hardly think it worth while to notice. But it will speak for itself:—

MY DEAR INSTRUCTOR:—Never, perhaps, have I written more unwillingly than now. To tell you that I have, in any instance, been undeserving the confidence which, I hope, has been reposed in me, is hard, hard indeed.

You may recollect that after school to-day you observed some writing on my slate. That writing was not my own, and at the time I did not know that it had been written in school-hours. But I cannot permit you to retain a false impression. Yesterday, as I was returning to my seat after recess, I saw one of the girls take my slate, place it in her desk, and, as I thought, begin to copy it.* I wrote a few words of remonstrance, which being disregarded, I wrote a second and a third time. This, my dear instructor, is a confession which you, I am sure, will believe has not been made without pain. I fear that I am lowered in your estimation; but I hope that this bitter lesson has led me to feel more deeply my weakness, and to pray more earnestly for

* Some answers to arithmetical questions, she means.

strength that henceforth I may walk worthy of the vocation wherewith I am called.

Your affectionate pupil,

SARAH M. JOHNSON.

Thursday evening, March 10, 1842.

What a letter! What pure, Christian conscientiousness, what a delicate and keen sense of the duty of strict truthfulness at all times, does it exhibit! Because a rule of the school forbids the scholars from communicating with each other in study-hours by spoken or written words, she acknowledges having violated the rule in writing a remonstrance to a scholar for doing wrong! This letter, therefore, gives a clearer insight into her purity of character and her delicate sense of the true and the right, than a volume of panegyric could do.

Sarah's intellectual character was also of a very high order; but she was more fond of the classics and of poetry than of the mathematics; and I never can forget with what correctness and elegance she translated Virgil, Sallust, Cicero, and Livy. She also had quite a poetic cast of mind,—though she seldom exercised this gift. I have but one of her pieces,—her lines on “An April Day;” and if you

give it a place in the work you are preparing, I hope you will state under what circumstances it was written. My method in managing the exercise of composition is, as you know, somewhat peculiar. Immediately after recess, at twelve o'clock, I announce the subject, and between that hour and two o'clock, when the school is dismissed, the scholars must bring up their compositions. In the mean time, all the classes recite in mathematics; and the compositions must therefore be written while these exercises are going on. This plan tends to cultivate habits of quickness and concentration of thought, and a power of abstraction; while my giving to all of one division—the higher half of the school—the same subject, enables me the better to compare the facility and power of composition of each. I remember that at this time no one brought me up a poetical exercise but Sarah; and, as it was written, under these circumstances, with little or no time for revision and correction, it shows great quickness of thought, as well as refined taste and beauty of sentiment.

When I said that I had but one letter from her, I did not think of the sweet note she wrote me last September, from Milton, in reply to an invitation to

meet my scholars at my quarter-centennial celebration on the 1st of October. It was written when she was suffering great bodily pain; but it breathes the same kind and loving and cheerful spirit that was so conspicuous in her early youth. I send you a copy, which you may use as you think best.*

I feel, indeed, my dear pupil, how meager are these few remarks which I have made upon Sarah's character, and how utterly inadequate to give any one a just notion of that character as it was. But, oh, how little can you, or I, or any one, say or do to make the world know and love her as her friends did! Modest, unassuming, retiring, she "kept the noiseless tenor of her way;" exerting constantly a most happy influence upon all around her: so that

* MILTON, PENN., Sept. 23, 1859.

MY DEAR INSTRUCTOR:—I have delayed answering your kind letter of invitation to your "quarter-centennial celebration" until I should be able to say with some certainty whether it would be possible for me to accept it. I now hope that I may do so, and anticipate with much pleasure such a reunion of old friends and school-fellows, assembled to meet him whose name is as a household word in their many distant and widely-separated families, and who will teach it to children and children's children with warm and grateful affection.

Believe me, most affectionately yours,

SARAH M. J. WYLIE.

none could be with her without feeling that their own spiritual nature was made better and purer by her sweet, refined, heavenly conversation. May it be ours so to live here that we may join her in the better world!

Affectionately, your friend and instructor,

CHARLES D. CLEVELAND.

PHILADELPHIA, June 25, 1860.

The following is the composition alluded to in the letter :—

AN APRIL DAY.

An April day! thou emblem meet
Of this frail world of ours,
With storms succeeding sunshine bright,
And sunshine following showers.

It now is dark, and now is bright,
Now stormy, now serene:
One moment Nature's veil'd in clouds,
The next is smiling seen.

How like an April day is life!
That bright, coquettish thing,
Whose woes are like the April cloud,
Whose joys as soon take wing.

Not many suns have sunk to rest
Since from the icy wave

Was heard the piercing shriek of those
Who found a watery grave.*

The mother calling for her child,
The husband at her side,
The seaman bold, the maiden fair,—
All sunk beneath the tide.

These beings but an hour ago
Were warm with life as we;
Their hearts beat strong and joyously,
Buoyant, and light, and free.

Life is a transitory thing,
A bubble in the air,
So blooming, bright, and beautiful,
So fleeting, yet so fair!

And he who trusts to this alone,
Looks not beyond the grave,
Finds that his staff's a broken reed,
His trust the unstable wave.

Jan. 23, 1840.

Another composition is here given:—

PHILADELPHIA, June 14, 1842.

Most joyfully, dear coz., do I avail myself of our instructor's permission to write a letter "how and to whom we please." After a week of dire forebodings,

* The loss of the Lexington.

which have especially "sat heavy on my soul," to-day, after sundry tremblings and misgivings while waiting the announcement of the much-dreaded "subject," and a look of "blank astonishment" when that announcement came, you may suppose my joy on this reversion to be, as the Yankees say, "pretty considerable." Not such, you will tell me, were the feelings of those whose names are enrolled among the great and good: they were content to toil up-hill in the pursuit of knowledge; to take Plato's advice in paying attention to those pursuits of which they were not fond; to give labour as the price of every thing valuable they ever acquired. But I do wonder whether any one ever became really distinguished by obeying Plato; and is labour the price of a fertile imagination and lofty thought? Did Milton labour for that almost inspiration by which he saw

"The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble as they gaze"?

But this is not to the purpose. Distinguished (you will smile at the idea) I never hope to be; and good,—yes, that I would be, and would not shrink from travelling on to heaven in my Master's path,—the steps of suffering. And, seriously, as what we *are* depends in a great measure upon what we think

we may be, may our motto ever be "Onward!" in this vale of tears! Oh, how such thoughts are clustering now, when so short a time remains before I must bid adieu to school and to those whom I there learned to love so dearly! Four years have now passed away, and now I feel how little they have been improved as they might have been; and the parting,—you know from experience what it is; and, young as we are, we both know how a few years may change those with whom we have gone hand in hand so long. Soon some may be sleeping 'neath the grass and flowers, and others—— But the sound of the bell has reminded me where I am; and, though obliged to break off thus abruptly, please do not on that account delay your answer. I have only time to ask you, please to deliver for me the usual messages of love, and believe me, as ever, your affectionate cousin

SALLIE.

This letter derives additional interest from the fact that both she to whom it was addressed and she who penned it are "sleeping 'neath the grass and flowers."

CHAPTER II.

What's *done* we partly may compute,
But know not what's *resisted*.

BURNS.

 WITH much natural buoyancy of spirits, which did not forsake her even amid the intense sufferings of her last sickness,—when, in moments of relief from pain, her merry laugh would almost beguile her friends into the hope that she was still to linger with them,—Sarah evinced from her earliest years an unusual thoughtfulness and interest in serious things. The following note, written at the age of twelve or thirteen, to an intimate friend, is the first expression found of her religious feelings:—

You asked me in your last sweet note to forgive the liberty you had taken in writing thus to me. Was there need of such an apology, my A.?

Are we not to try to aid each other on the road to heaven? And can you, dearest, aid your friend in any better, in any other, way, than by showing her her awful, awful wickedness, and directing her to the only means of salvation? Oh, my beloved friend, write to me thus. It is the way in which I have wished you would write. Sometimes—very, very often—I do feel how dreadfully wicked I have been and am; that I have, like a lost sheep, gone astray, and that I indeed need some good shepherd to bring me into the fold. Oh, my dearest friend, how has this life been spent! How vain, how frivolous have been its occupations! How have I been led astray by the visions of an hour! How little attention have I paid to things of eternal moment! I know that our God is of purer eyes than to behold evil, and cannot look on iniquity; but, when I mingle with the world, how apt—how very apt—I am to forget! I cannot bring, sometimes, my sinfulness so forcibly before me, and am very, very apt to become dull and cold. Yet I can rejoice that there is a Saviour who will bear our burdens, and who will intercede for us at the throne of the Most High. I desire, I try, to go to that Saviour, and my own wickedness keeps me from him. Oh that I could

rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of my salvation! Again, my dear friend, must I ask you to pray that I may feel my own nothingness, and put all my strength, my trust, my confidence, in him; that I may yield this proud, stubborn heart, and devote my life to the service of God.

About this time she was led, as is believed through the instructions and influences that met her at school, to question the religious tenets in which she had been educated,* and, with her father's free consent, to attend the afternoon service at the First Presbyterian Church. To the friend above addressed, she again writes:—

I think I have enjoyed more and sweeter peace this evening than I have ever experienced. When listening to this afternoon's sermon, I felt oppressed, weighed down, by sin. But at the close of it you

* Mr. Johnson was born and baptized in the Church of England. On his arrival in this country he attended the Methodist Church, in which for a time he engaged as a Sabbath-school teacher, but by reason of social affinities was led, with his family, to attend the ministrations of the Rev. Mr. Furness, of the Unitarian body, without, however, at any time professing his formal adherence to the peculiar doctrines of that church.

remember that the sinner was pointed to Christ, directed to open the door immediately and let Christ enter in, lest it should soon be forever too late. And at that sweet meeting afterward dear Mr. B. told us to come just as we are, feeling ourselves guilty, ruined, lost, feeling our dependence upon the blessed Saviour, and resting upon him alone our hopes of salvation. I resolved then, with God's grace, and by the aid of the Holy Spirit, to resist no longer its strivings, to struggle no longer against what conscience told me was my duty. I tried to open wide the door, to remove all the obstacles, and to let Christ enter triumphant. And, my dearest friend, I hope, I trust, he has entered. I feel some hope that he has accepted—that God has forgiven through his intercession—even such a poor, lost, undone sinner as I. Oh, A., beloved friend, tell me, do you think it is presumptuous in me to entertain such a hope? Do you—*do* you think I may hope? Christ has said, though our sins be as scarlet, he will make them white as snow; and he has invited the weary and the heavy laden to come to him and he will give them rest. On these precious promises do I rest my hopes. Oh, what stupendous mercy,—that the Creator of worlds on worlds, and systems on systems, should

stoop from his heavenly throne to listen to the petitions of a poor, lost daughter of Adam! Yes, there is balm in Gilead, there is healing there. I trust that Christ has accepted me, guilty as I am. How my heart should burn with love toward the Saviour of my soul! I should indeed love the Lord my God with all my heart, and mind, and soul, and strength.

To the Same.

June, 1840.

You know, dearest, that I resolved to become a professor of religion, to be numbered among the people of the Lord, to show that I was not ashamed to make Him who died to save me my guard and guide and counsellor. And you know, my beloved friend, why I have not done this. I hope, I trust, that in this instance I have done my duty,—that I have acted according to the commandments of the Lord. But still it has been very, very hard to bear. The Communion-Sunday is past, and I am still numbered with the children of the world. You cannot think how my heart yearned to join you in the commemoration of our blessed Saviour's death and atonement for the sins of a ruined, guilty race. During the coming season we shall be exposed to peculiar temptations: you will go forth clad in the

whole armour of God, with his holy vows upon you; I shall go as one of the world, without any vow to restrain me. Yet God will watch over us both. In answer to prayer, he will keep our feet from falling, and our souls from death. Then I will not repine; for thanks be to him that he has given the blessed promise that "they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; that they shall mount up with wings as eagles; that they shall run and not be weary, walk and not faint."

To the Same.

August 14, 1840.

A summer vacation is indeed a time of peculiar trial. I have made my daily text "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation;" but it has often been forgotten, and I know that my feet have often slipped in that path which I trust I have entered. The first Sabbath after we came to Auburn I heard Mr. T. I went to church with a heavy heart; for I felt that I did not rejoice in God,—that I had not a calm and holy trust in him. His sermon was from the words, "For none of us liveth to himself;" and a beautiful one it was. Toward the close of his sermon he said, "Ask the angels that surround the throne of God what they do. They will answer,

We fall down before the pavilion of light; we go on errands of mercy to this earth; we uphold the children of God, lest at any time they dash their feet against a stone; and we write upon the forehead of the weakest saint, 'God is able to make thee strong.'" How did these last words revive my drooping spirit! I left church happy, feeling I was the child of God, though the very lowest and weakest.

The following note was contributed by her father to this Memoir, with the memorandum upon it in his own hand,—“Rec'd 1840, just before joining the 1st Presby'n Church, and when only fourteen years of age.”

MY BELOVED FATHER:—

You will perhaps think it strange to see a note from your daughter, who is always with you, lying upon your table. But I thought that I could express myself more freely in this manner than in conversation. The Communion-Sunday is, my dear father, very near at hand. I feel as if it were my duty to make a public profession of religion. I know that I am very young, very inexperienced. I know, too, that I am peculiarly liable to yield to tempta-

tion. But I think, dearest father, that that very weakness is a reason why I should connect myself with the Church. I think that it will be a shield from many temptations to which I would give way were not that restraint upon me.

“It saves us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young:
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtues strong.”

I know, dearest father, that it is your wish, as it was that of my beloved, my angel mother, that I should lead a Christian life. You wish me to be as she was. I could not do this in my own strength; but I rejoice that we have a great High-Priest passed into the heavens, who was touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and who will succour those who are tempted. It will be very, very hard, my beloved father, to leave that church where I have been accustomed to go from childhood, where almost every face seems familiar, for another. But I have read the Bible carefully, and I cannot, *cannot* believe in the Unitarian doctrines. Do not, do not, my beloved father, think that this is a mere fancy. I have made it a subject of much thought, and, I hope, of much prayer. It seems to me that my path is made

straight and plain before me, and that I should be guilty did I not walk therein. I have now, my beloved father, told you all my feelings. I know it was my duty to tell him who has watched over my youth with all a parent's tenderness, who is the nearest and dearest of my earthly friends, what I have felt and do feel, and to ask his permission to take one of the most important steps in life. I know that that permission will not be withheld. About a week ago, I felt as if I could not write as I have done: I feared that my father would be displeased,—that he would think I was too young to decide in a case of so much importance. But I do not feel so now. And I have not decided in my own strength, dear father, but I have sought aid and strength from Heaven, and, I trust, have received it. And now, my dearest, *dearest* father, farewell. It shall always be my fervent prayer that I may be enabled to be the best of daughters to the best of fathers during our pilgrimage on earth, and that, after that is ended, we, with all who are near and dear to us, may meet in that haven of perfect peace where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

From your ever affectionate daughter,

She continued to attend service with her family on Sunday mornings, until she united with the First Presbyterian Church, in December, 1840.

April 4th, she thus writes to a friend:—

Permitted twice to-day to hear the words of life from the lips of a beloved pastor, and as one of his people to mingle my voice with theirs in songs of praise. I have indeed cause for thankfulness that God has led me to this the Church of my adoption. For I was a stranger, and ye took me in; I was naked and ignorant of the way of salvation, and ye have clothed me.

Successive extracts from her correspondence will help to exhibit her mental and moral characteristics, and will afford some insight into the depths of her spiritual life.

Speaking of a sermon, she says:—

To A. M. W.

1843.

However it may have applied to others, I felt that to the want of my soul it was well adapted. It has comforted me much. I feel that it is owing much to a natural tendency of mind, very much to early education, and much, probably, to the direct assaults

of the tempter, that the foundations of my faith have been so shaken. I know I cannot expect to be all at once enlightened. I pray for more humility, that I may sit as a learner at the feet of Jesus.

“God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.”

I know it. I know it. 'Tis wrong to be impatient to know all now, when there is enough for us to learn through all eternity. I know that, if I keep close to him, he will teach me: “in his light I shall see light.”

To E. A. P.

Aug. 4, 1844.

We went to church this morning, and, as it was Communion-Sabbath, I partook of the Lord's Supper, for the first time away from home. It is always a privilege, and seemed to me peculiarly so to-day, because, I think, moving about so much from place to place tends to make us forget our fellowship with the Church of Christ, and to give a kind of impression that we have no specific work to do for God's glory. It is good to be reminded of the “name by which we are called,”—good to be reminded that the love of Christ is as full and free, and his claims upon our services as imperative, in one part of the world as another.

To M. P. B.

Jan. 13, 1845.

With this new year may we form good resolutions,—not only *form* but *keep* them. When I think of the past, I sometimes am discouraged, and feel that the few years that I have been a professing Christian have been enough to stamp the character of my piety for life. But surely it need not be. The God who, we trust, hath redeemed us has not redeemed us for naught. We have youth and health, and *some* talent, and *some* influence, all to exert for his glory. We have his past unfailing mercy to encourage us, and for the future the promise of his Spirit. Then let us go on, not in our own strength,—we have too often proved it to be weakness,—but in the strength of Him who will make us “more than conquerors,” anxious for nothing but that every form and vestige of sin may be removed from our hearts, and that we may be doing good in the world, bringing others to love Him whom we adore.

To C. A. B.

Jan. 8, 1846.

Somehow I am just beginning to realize that a new year has begun. Its first day—indeed, the first three or four days—seemed much more like the last days of

the year. There was none of the feeling I have often had in common with all the rest of the world, I suppose,—that there was a kind of moral *jerk*, a fresh impetus to action and energy. But it was well, perhaps, well especially for me, who am too prone to have a hurried feeling, to begin it thus quietly, thoughtfully.

To E. A. P.

July 3, 1846.

. . . Looking back on the years I have professed to love Christ, I feel that there is no hope but in his mercy, no confidence that I have ever truly sought him, save in the frequent deep, deep sense of my utter vileness, and firm conviction that of myself I could do nothing, but that he could do all, and when I had not happiness in him that I found it nowhere, or in nothing that earth can give. It is this last (a low evidence of piety it seems, but perhaps a sure one) that gives me most hope I am a child of God. For, oh, how little I have known of “the peace which passeth all understanding”! how little I have measured “the height, and depth, and length, and breadth of the love of Christ”! how little I have “apprehended that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus”! And yet I do think I have known

enough of these things—yes, I *have* known enough of them—to feel that one moment's full assurance that, through my Saviour's merits, I am a child of God, is worth a lifetime of mere earthly happiness. Having known and felt this, is it not wonderful that we ever again *could* cleave to earth?

“Can my soul on shadows vain
Ever feed itself again?”

You know how one thing will go over and over in the mind sometimes; and for the last few days that has been constantly in mine. And yet we are of the earth, earthy; even when rejoicing in hope of the love of God, we have that “treasure in earthen vessels,” so easily injured, so very fragile. Our only strength is truly in our weakness, our only safety in the feeling that we can do nothing of ourselves. What has worried me more than any thing, of late, (I mean the last few weeks or months,) has been that there was so little feeling. I knew all the time that I was not right nor near to God, and was not satisfied; and yet I could not feel any deep sense of sin. The most frequent feeling seemed to be a disposition to murmur and blame every thing and every body but myself that I was not any better. But in all my pride and stubbornness my covenant-keeping God

has not forsaken me, and has, I trust, humbled me and led me to see myself as I am. If left to myself, I know that I shall soon again forget him, and go hobbling on in my own strength and wisdom, till by some humbling fall I shall again be taught my perfect helplessness and blindness. But pray for me, oh, pray for me, my own dear friend, that all self-righteousness may be destroyed, and that I may have the righteousness of God in Christ Jesus. When I think of the past, and how easily I fall into temptation, I feel, as Dr. Payson says, "as though walking on a hair." My faith is weak; but our text for to-day is, "I will instruct thee, and teach thee in the way in which thou shalt go; I will guide thee with mine eye." This is enough.

To A. M. R.

1846.

Two or three things trouble me. One is that I cannot conceive of being entirely happy without human sympathy. Please tell me what you think of this. Another is intellectual doubt. You can have no conception, dear, how this troubles me—more, lately, than ever: at least, I am more conscious of it. I fear almost that it is sinful to write down such thoughts: I am sure it would be if I did not with my

whole heart and soul hate them and long to be freed from them. It does seem to me, it is not I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me. After all, it seems to me, my whole evidence of being a Christian resolves itself to this; for there seems no sin in all the catalogue too black to find a place in my heart, but, if I know myself, I do struggle and pant and groan to be free from them. Still, I feel I can leave it all with God. Christ will undertake for me. I can leave it all with him.

To the Same.

March 27, 1848.

I am twenty-two to-day. I have to write it down and let my eye dwell on it, to realize that I can be so old. There is sadness—not sorrow—in feeling that childhood has gone forever, and youth is so fast passing away; but, oh, there is joy in looking forward to that bright heavenly home in store for us. Surely we should think of it more, should learn to love and long for it more! For myself, I feel how apt I am to forget the sweet rest at the end, thinking only of the toils of the journey. Sometimes I think that, even if there were no end, there is enough now, in the strength God gives us, in the support he vouchsafes to us, in the peace he imparts, to do more, far more,

than compensate for all the toil;—but this state of feeling does not last long. I am so faithless!—oh, I have felt it to-day!—shrinking from this “untried future,” forgetting it is lodged in my Father’s hand.

To E. A. P.

July, 1848.

When I glance within,—believing, as I do, that *holiness* is the only test,—where in my sinful heart shall I find a reason for the hope that is in me? It seems *all, all* sin. Yet there is a something warring against it,—a little spark of love laid upon the altar of the heart, that would long ago have gone out, chilled by the deadly coldness there, had not the Spirit of God daily, hourly, breathed upon it. And this is my hope, my *trust*, that he will breathe upon it still; that, faintly as it shines now amid the darkness there, dimly as it burns among the dross and rubbish heaped upon it, it may yet be kindled into a flame that shall turn the darkness to light, and purge away every impurity.

To A. M. R.

Aug. 16, 1848.

This time of quiet has taught me how impure my motive has been, how much for the two months past

I have been living for *love*,—making the approbation of those around me both my motive and reward. This is no new thing with me, I know. If it were, I should not be so discouraged as I now am, that, after so many, many lessons, and the hope that I had in a measure overcome this easily-besetting sin, I find that though it has changed its form, perhaps, it has its place firm, firm in my heart, polluting all the streams that issue from it. I know that there is no conflict for which the wisdom and grace of God cannot supply us with weapons of warfare; and the thought that often comes, that if it were only some more palpable and open sin I could contend against it so much more steadily, is perhaps only a temptation of Satan to prevent my seeing and using the means God gives. I fear I am sinfully impatient. I want to see myself as perhaps I never shall fully in this world. At times I am conscious of powers that seem to call me to a higher work than just to live along from day to day, doing good even as others point the way: yet I have not, I cannot have; the independence to strike out any way for myself: in every motive, in every thought, there is reference to others. I cannot think this is all sin; for it is so much my nature that I could not be myself without

it; and God has made me so for some purpose,—if I could only find out what. And I know he will teach me. I know it is faithless to think and speak thus. All this puzzling my brains as to the work whereto I am called is only pride, perhaps; yet the fear that I am not (not that I shall not be) true to the talents given, makes me still puzzle on. The feeling is just this:—that, with capacity to see and understand what perfection is, there is yet positive inability ever to attain it; and this brings me, perhaps, to the root—the *evil* root—of the whole matter,—which is a desire to be a perfect *character* rather than a perfect *Christian*. The Christian is willing to let all his sinfulness, all mental and moral deficiencies, redound to the glory of God, as God's strength is made perfect in his weakness; but I have been anxious to have no sin, no deficiencies, that the pride of my heart might be satisfied. Oh, A., if this proves me not a Christian, pray for me, pray for me, that I may see it now. My hope is that I do desire to see it; that I do not *want* to cling to any thing opposed to God; that, if I know myself, I am willing to be placed in the flame of any furnace, so I may but come out as the "gold seven times purified." I think I have committed my soul

to him. I am sure I dread nothing so much as to depart from him. I cannot doubt him "that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." Lately, the thought of the constant dependence on the Holy Spirit's influences has been very delightful to me: that it was *his* perseverance, not *OURS*, that keeps us *his*, seemed new, though so evident.

To the Same.

Dec. 26, 1849.

If these blessings, so richly showered upon us, only lead us heavenward, I fear for myself that much care with the things of the world is making me more worldly. My feeling in anticipation of moving here was that, being to me more of a cross than a pleasure, it would weaken my hold on earthly things. I do fear that it has not been so; that, interested in increasing cares (for a larger house *must* bring increasing cares) as a duty, I have gradually become interested in them for their own sake. Cares is not the word, may-be: I cannot think now of the right one; but you will know what I mean. Do you not think that the conflict becomes more intense as we grow older?—at least, perhaps, until we reach middle age? This is what troubles me more than

any thing:—that I feel the conflict within should be more severe, and fear it is not as severe as formerly. Yet it is hard to discriminate. As our sphere widens, and actual and active duties press more upon us, our piety must assume a different character. It is confined less to our own experience, goes out more to all the world. It becomes more the application of religious principle to all the various circumstances of life, than the study of the growth of that principle in our own souls. This is so, is it not? and, being so, is it not hard to tell how much of the good we find in ourselves is the result of real growth in grace, or only of a more mature judgment and more expanded views? What must those do who are not converted till late in life? If there is one thing above all other things that we ought to be thankful for, is it not that we were brought early into the fold, as we hope?—at least, early led to think of these things?

To the Same.

June 10, 1852.

Surely our hearts are more fully opened to us in this country quiet than in a busy city life. That the mind is not so trained, the powers so called forth, the character so tested, I believe; but what

we *do* know, and think, and love, and need, we surely know, and know of, better here than there. Now, in this perfect quiet and rest, I look back upon the busy, varied city life of the last eight or nine months,—particularly of the last three,—and feel that in almost any one day there has been food for a week's reflection; and yet it has all whirled by, leaving just about the impression that the traveler has when he halts in his journey and thinks how much he *would* have enjoyed the lovely landscape and admired the wonders on the way, if his eyes had not been so blinded with the dust and his attention so distracted by the speed of his going. Am I speaking "as the foolish women speak," dearest A.? forgetting Him who can bring order out of disorder, sweet peace amidst confusion, a stillness—yes, a perfect quiet—of the soul amid all outward noise and tumult? No: I trust not. I hope I *do* remember him; yet, while I mourn that my heart has *not* been so kept that these results have been in any great measure realized, I may yet rejoice rightly. May it not be, as it comes in the orderings of his providence, that this season of quiet rest is given, when I may look back upon the past, and, I hope, in *his* strength, gird on new strength for the time to come?

I *know* no burden is given greater than we can bear, no duty required of us for which the adequate measure of strength is not given, that all beyond this is *self-imposed*; yet often I wonder how one heart can hold so much,—so many cares and anxieties and joys,—how one weak spirit can bear so much, and rise to meet all that surrounding circumstances seem to point out to be done and borne. To-night I wonder that one heart can hold *so much love*, so many strong and varied affections as seem to crowd and press upon it. God is *very* merciful to have given so many loved ones, *very* merciful that he has taught me to pray for them; for nothing else will satisfy.

With a close observation of nature, and keen susceptibility to its beauties, Sarah had that quick spiritual vision which enabled her readily to discover analogies between the natural world and the spiritual, as will be seen in the following:—

WORCESTER, Aug. 12, 1842.

. . . We rose the next morning at two o'clock. There was something of solemnity in starting at such an hour. The light and broken slumber, the dressing in haste and silence, and the whispered conversation so as not to disturb the sleepers, all reminded

me of our Saviour's injunction to be "always ready."

CATO, Aug. 9, 1843.

I have just taken one peep out of doors. What a lovely night it is! The moon is shining clearer and brighter, it seems, than in our pent-up homes; and, yet, thanks that it is the same moon that shineth there, and giveth to many a wearied heart in that great city soothing thoughts of peace and heaven.

MADISON, July 12, 1844.

Never in my life have I witnessed a scene more beautiful than I did that evening in crossing the Susquehanna. The view is not very extensive; but it combines more, I think, than any other view I ever saw, wildness and cultivation, softness and grandeur, beautifully contrasted. There is a majestic stillness, a peacefulness, about the whole, that seemed to sink deep into the very soul; something that conveyed the feeling, "God is love," more clearly and sensibly than any thing these eyes ever rested on.

PHILADELPHIA, April 9, 1854.

You will enjoy this season in the country, dear T. It must, indeed, be beautiful to watch the dead, cold face of nature quickened into life, and see how

God's power can change the barren waste into warmth and verdure. As you say, it is a beautiful emblem of the Sun of Righteousness shining in the soul, and chasing away the realms of gloom and death. Oh, dear T., may we be careful to do our part, and so prepare the soil, root out the weeds of sin, and shelter and guard the germs of holy affections and desires, that we may indeed be *all* changed.

An agreement between a friend and herself to interchange views on different subjects of practical interest, for mutual improvement, called forth the following communication from her. Familiar as is the title, the treatment of it evinces her rare powers of analysis, and at the same time her rigid subordination of the merely speculative to the practical, an exact knowledge of duty to the faithful discharge of it.

Blues—signifying a depression without an immediate or assignable cause, generally thought of as coming upon us without any agency of our own, or something for which we are not responsible, over which we have no control, and for which there is no remedy but time or excitement.

Importance of ascertaining the *fact* with regard to this, as so many of the human race are subject to this evil,—an evil for which if there be a remedy it is important a remedy should be found.

If we believe in the existence of a God, we must believe that *nothing* is the result of *chance*. Mind is governed by fixed laws: therefore no change of feeling can be produced, nor state of mind exist, without a cause. That cause may be immediate or remote; it may have its growth in the workings of our own heart, or may be produced by powers and circumstances over which we have no control. Of these last, some are of such a nature that we can have over them no control,—such as the effect of unremembered dreams upon us, the power of associations in recalling memories of the past; but these things, in a well-regulated mind, have no power to produce permanent or real depression. Other causes of this class we have clearer knowledge of,—the influence of a diseased frame, often affecting unconsciously the temper and spirits; constitutional excitability, producing reaction after strong tension of mind, and thus lassitude, weariness, sadness,—which is not in itself sinful.

A large class of causes remain,—seldom traced, but

which may be. Some of the most fruitful sources of *blues* are—the reading of works of fiction, producing erroneous views of life, and discontent with its daily duties and cares; want of occupation; mortified pride; wounded self-love; neglected duty. In the great majority of cases, these three last may be traced as the cause.

The remedy must vary with the cause. Set about discovering that. If a neglected duty, perform it; if want of occupation, work for a right end, with a right aim.

For the rest, it must be removed by a *state* of mind, not an act of will,—by pouring in light, so there *can* be no darkness.

Strive for *humility*, a willingness to think of ourselves no more highly than we ought to think, to have others think of us just as we deserve; for satisfaction with God's government, trust in his providence, acquiescence in his will, gratitude for his mercies; *such* love to our fellow-men that we desire and rejoice in their goodness, happiness, and prosperity. As a means to all this, study the Bible, and *pray* without ceasing.

Please read this, remembering that it is scribbled down hastily, without time to arrange or even correct.

Blues are no word for the Christian. May *we* so walk in the light that there shall be in us *no* darkness!

August 30, 1851.

The following list of Resolutions and Questions, found among her papers, reveals the power and habit of self-scrutiny directed to that noblest end, the subjection of heart and life to the will of God.

1. To be punctual in every engagement; to do every thing as if worth doing,—doing with my might what my hands find to do; make a business of whatever I undertake.

2. Not to undertake more than I have reason to think I can accomplish.

3. To let no day pass without special effort to save some soul.

4. To guard against an anxious spirit, casting my burdens on the Lord.

5. To be *perfectly* truthful. Watch my words; guard against a habit of exaggeration.

6. To express my opinions more firmly and independently.

7. To spend more time than I have ever done in

the study of the Bible and prayer. Form a plan, and adhere to it.

8. To make it a matter of conscience to cultivate my intellectual powers; to make the most of every power for God.

9. To guard against self-righteousness, self-gratulation, self-complacency, spiritual pride; to seek for *humility*.

10. To guard against the desire to please and to be loved as a ruling motive.

QUESTIONS FOR SELF-EXAMINATION.

How have I performed my *duties* in the *family*? Have I there spoken for Christ? Have I been patient with my brothers and sisters,—sought their happiness, striven to instruct them? Duties to the servants. What have I done this week in my Sunday-school class? Have I visited them, borne them on my heart in prayers, carefully prepared for my Sabbath instruction? How have I performed my duties as a member of the *Church*? Have I prayed for my church and pastor? How much time have I spent in secret prayer,—in the reading of the Bible? Have I progressed in the love and knowledge of God's word? What general reading have I done? How have I kept up my correspondence?

CHAPTER III.

I hold it true, whate'er befall,—
I feel it when I sorrow most,—
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

TENNYSON.

ARAH was so retiring in general society—startled almost by the sound of her own voice—that it needed the intimacy of an unreserved friendship to appreciate the qualities of either her mind or heart.

Not a few felt themselves thus bound to her, while neither feared that the confidence shared by so many would not be true to each. Her uniformly sweet and happy temper, her quick and delicate sympathies, her pure, self-sacrificing, devoted love, and, underlying all, her native strength of mind and her firm Christian principle, fitted her to win affection and retain it; and only they who have had such a friend to lose can realize

the vacancy her death has left in the hearts that were wont to lean upon her.

While at school, she united with a little sewing-circle, which, from the love she bore it, in common with all connected with it, must claim a notice. It was originally composed of three members, of the ages of eight, twelve, and fourteen, and was continued till the marriage of the two oldest of these, the number meanwhile being increased to six. By various means did these young companions strive to make this little society conduce to their highest good; and all of them could respond to the language in which Sarah describes it, "as a thing set apart, hallowed in memory." One of their number having gone to reside in another city, Sarah thus writes to her:—

ALBANY, Aug. 9, 1842.

I cannot realize that when I go back again, if permitted, to my own dear home, there will be one vacant chair in our little meeting, one broken link in our chain of love. But no! no! not a *broken* link: that may not, *cannot* be. Distant though you may be, God grant that ever through this changeful life

we may be bound together as closely as we now are! This separation is, it must be, ordered for good. May we never be separate in heart. I was reading the other day a verse that we used to sing together:—

“And when thou mak’st thy jewels up,
And sett’st thy starry crown,
When all thy precious gems shall shine
Proclaim’d by thee thine own,
“May we, a little band of love,
We sinners, saved by grace,
From glory into glory changed,
Behold thee face to face.”

How intense were the feelings it called forth! Oh, may we *all* be “sealed unto the day of redemption”!

To the Same.

May we both, dear sister, and our other sisters in that dear little society, “walk with him in white” in His kingdom. For this may we deny ourselves, and take up our cross; for this may the gold of this world be accounted dross; for this may we struggle, and strive, and pray to overcome the world, not in our own but our Saviour’s strength; for “he that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment, and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father and before his angels.”

A few years more, and this beloved friend was called to a higher companionship. Absent from home for summer recreation, she was preparing, in apparent health, for a day's excursion to Nahant, when a hæmorrhage of the lungs announced to her that her hour had come. After hovering a few days on the confines of eternity, her gentle spirit, with a farewell message of "love to everybody," winged its upward flight to rest in a Saviour's arms.

In view of her death, Sarah writes thus to a friend:—

MILTON, Aug. 7, 1855.

. . . Can you realize that dear M. is gone? That we shall never see her face nor hear her voice on earth again? That our dear little society will never meet on earth again? Oh, how often have we wondered which of us six would be taken first!—how vainly! But now the mystery is solved, and what was known to our God so fully then is revealed to us. Not without pain: oh, our hearts must bleed as those whom we loved so fondly are torn away! and to each one of us this blow seems in a peculiar manner to strike away our hold on earthly things. *Nothing*

abiding, *nothing* enduring, *all* in this world passing away. This society bond had hitherto been almost the only one unbroken or unchanged in our childhood's and girlhood's relations to earth. Now this has gone.

But there is peace, sweet peace, mingled with the sadness and grief. I am surprised already to find how many delightful things the mind dwells on in the past. Oh, can we ever praise God enough that we were brought *early* into his service? Dear M.! there is sweet peace in thinking of her as she is now; for we cannot doubt that it is well with her, and now all the fears and gloomy misgivings she often used to have are gone forever. There is love, light, and joy for her now. I *cannot* realize that I shall never see her face on earth again; but, oh, how soon may I, if by grace made partaker of that inheritance,—how soon, at farthest, shall we all,—look upon it in our Father's kingdom! It seems that we all must be bound closer together now, and work together, and help each other while spared to each other.

The following letter alludes to one whose memory is likewise enshrined in many hearts. Beautiful, wealthy, accomplished, she had consecrated her all to the service of her Master, and

was zealously engaged in the duties of a pastor's wife, when, after three days of unconscious sickness, she reposed in death on the spot where, less than one short year before, she had stood to utter her marriage vows.

DEAREST MOTHER:—I have been reading over your last kind letter, and fear that, in my last, acknowledging its receipt, I must have written strangely; but indeed, dear mother, I scarcely knew what I wrote. The news of dear, dear M. S.'s death almost stunned me. I have not had courage to take up your letter since until to-day, and then it seemed all new to me. I did not know how dearly I loved her till that news came—so very sudden and unlooked-for—that I should *never* see her more. I fear I have felt rebellious,—I had always thought of M. as so peculiarly fitted to live *long*. She was one of those characters fitted to bear the conflict and struggles of life; and of late I had associated her with A. in all their duties and cares. But God knows best. It seems strange that our weakness and ignorance can oppose themselves for one moment to his wisdom and strength. If M. had been to me a mere ordinary acquaintance, I should have almost

wondered that even her nearest friends could have mourned one so ripe for heaven. But I do hope to profit by this smiting. God grant that it may be blessed to all who have felt her loss! It will be a bitter, bitter trial to her mother and her husband. But

“He who strikes the stroke will guard the blow.”

He can and will support them.

While at school, Sarah was one of a little circle of young friends who met weekly for prayer; and when this meeting was discontinued, through the dispersion of those who attended it, and she had become a teacher in the Sunday-school, she was in the habit of meeting with two or three fellow-teachers, one afternoon in the week, for the study of their lesson, their exercises being begun with prayer. This she speaks of as one of her greatest privileges. “I always return,” she says, “with the conviction that religion is indeed a reality.” After the little sewing-circle to which allusion has been made was dissolved, she united with two others,—the Winter Cluster and the Winter Gathering,—the latter being

composed of Friends. Of her connection with this, one of its members writes:—

The variety of having introduced one who was not a Quakeress was very agreeable to all the members; and the gracefulness with which she adapted herself to the new circle proved her free spirit, and readiness to find enjoyment where her heart found sympathy and her judgment approved. All can remember how she laughingly—indeed, joyously—participated in the pleasant scenes, or quietly listened to conversation,—showing, by the kindling of her lustrous eye, how entirely ready she was to be interested; and they were not without gratitude for the acquisition her pure spirit was felt to be among them.

This facility in accommodating herself to surrounding circumstances did not result from a tame surrender to whatever current of taste and principle might set about her; for no one could be with her long without finding that her opinions were her own, thoughtfully formed, firmly maintained, and independently expressed. Neither would it appear—from the following language to

a friend—to have resulted wholly from natural amiability of disposition.

For weeks past and weeks to come, I have not had, and cannot have, any intercourse with those whose society is dearest; and I do fear that unless these longings bring me nearer to my Saviour, they will lead me farther from him. I find a constant disposition to be shut up within myself; and this may lead to callousness and foster pride. I want to cultivate *love to man*,—to learn to love my fellow-men as Christ loves me. That feeling would certainly promote activity in his service; and every human being would give something to love and something to do for his sake.

How earnest she was for the spiritual welfare of those she loved, and how faithful, though tender, were her appeals to them, the following extract will disclose. Addressed in the strictest confidence to one of the dearest and most revered of her friends, it was submitted by that friend for this volume, though, as was enjoined, the name is withheld.

May 13, 1856.

I have just taken out this sheet, written, as you will see, a week ago, and, after a glance at its contents, have hesitated somewhat about sending it, yet have concluded it shall go. It was written rapidly, with no intention, when I began, of dwelling on the theme I have; yet, as it gushed out from my heart, shall I keep it back? For years and years, my precious ——, this anxiety for you has been pressing on my heart. I believe that if at any time since I was fourteen years old I had been called to answer what was my chiefest desire and greatest anxiety, I could have answered, "Surely to *know* that —— is a new creature in Christ Jesus." Much, I know, you have given up to his service, but, I fear, not yet *all*. In many things, I know, you have taken him for your guide, teacher, and example; but I fear you have not yet taken him for your Saviour,—feeling helpless without him, and that you have no righteousness but what comes from union with him as the branch is united to the vine. I fear that you do not yet know the happiness of *believing* on him,—that "peace which passeth all understanding," which the world *cannot* give nor *take away*. Now, my dearest ——, I have said what for years

has been in my heart, and what I have never been able to say before, because it seemed, somehow, like presumption to speak thus to my almost idolized —. But in the light of God's word and of eternity it does not so appear. Life seems to me now very short; and I could not keep back any longer whatever little influence I might have in leading you to seek for the truth, or rather Him who is the Truth and the Life. You pray, dear —; and this has always been my comfort, encouragement, and almost assurance, that all would be well with you. I am *sure* that persevering prayer will be answered. Baby has wakened, and I must soon close. I will not ask you not to be offended with what I have written, for I know you will not. You have never doubted my love and reverence and desire to please you; and, however I may have failed to be all that you wished for me, you know, dear —, it was never because the *desire* to please you and to do right was wanting.

The perpetuity of Christian friendship was a thought she delighted to dwell upon. Writing a little note to her friend E. P. S., to arrange a visit, she says,—

If our lives are spared, we shall have many pleasant meetings in the future. But I know not why I should say *if*; for we know that we shall *live* forever.

To E. A. P.

Boston, 12th June, 1852.

It does indeed bring strange emotions to see the companions of our childhood and our youth settling down into married men and women, sober actors in the sober scenes of life. Well, darling, whatever be *our* destiny, we will strive with faithful hearts and steadfast spirits to hope and trust and love,—never fearing that life will be a blank—even a weary way—for us, as long as we have work given us to do and a covenant-keeping God as our portion here and hereafter. Whether I live married or single is a question of much less importance to me now than once; and as for you, dear L., whether you keep your own or take another's name, with its attendant changes, duties, and cares, I *believe* you would be just as dear to me, and I to you, as we are now,—yes, more, as time rolls on. We are old enough to have got a little beyond the romance of life's morning; and this belief is yet unshaken,—yes, more than ever confirmed since this visit to dear A. If

I ever had one doubting thought, one trembling fear, that time and distance would come between us and our love, it is over now. Of course, I am not so sublimated as to believe that if years passed on or space lay between us, without *intercourse*, our *intimacy* would remain just the same, (though the love, I verily believe, would have remained strong;) but I *do believe*, fully and blissfully, that the marriage of one—even with all its new affections, its most engrossing cares—need not in the smallest degree alienate the heart from the other.

To M. P. B.

As life advances, and duties and cares roll in upon us, should we not be more careful to make the light of love in our hearts burn pure and steadily? Surely, if sympathy was precious in our early girlhood, how much more needful and precious is it now, as the trials and joys of womanhood, its duties and cares, become our portion!

To A. M. R.

It makes more bearable the long silence that I have endured and must still look forward to, that I

can tell you how increasing distance seems to bring you in spirit only nearer; how every new scene that opens before me, every new form of discipline or conflict that meets me on my path, only proves more our friendship's constancy and makes me feel the more its need. How I have thought of you, darling, busied with your wife's and mother's cares, while I, for a few weeks past, have been sporting about like a butterfly, as far as any real care is concerned! I have sometimes been almost as light-hearted as a butterfly can be *without* a heart.

To the Same.

Can we not do something together as of old? I do not attach the importance to it I once did; but it is most delightful, and certainly must be good as far as it goes. Might we not take a portion of Scripture, to commit two or three verses every day in addition to our Daily Food, as we have gone over that several times? Any thing you suggest I will try to do; for it gives the sweet knowledge that once in the day at least our thoughts are the same. And will you not write oftener? I know there are many demands upon your time, as on mine, and I do not dread at all any estrangement from an

unfrequent correspondence; but I cannot bear the thought that you and I, whose thoughts and hopes and wishes were wont to flow on in one undivided channel, should live on for weeks and weeks scarcely knowing what each other's thoughts and wishes are. That two beings, the very fibres of whose souls had been so interknit, could ever be separated in heart, is impossible. We shall always love each other, on earth and in heaven. But, then, this love is not to be idle here. Pilgrims as we are, beset with difficulty and temptation, who so fitted to comfort and admonish one another as those who have travelled so long and so close together, and know the nature of the path that each is treading? Mutual prayer we shall have always; but this is not all: we need the *expression* of sympathy.

To E. A. P., on her birthday.

MY DEAREST L.:—I intended sending round this little gift early this morning, that you might know that I remembered your birthday and hailed it with earnest wishes for your present and future happiness. You will wear it for my sake, that, when distance or death shall separate us, it may be a reminder of the love this heart has borne you;

and if ever a shade should come between us, may its brightness rebuke the evil spirit, and cause the cloud that had gathered to flee away! May the Lord bless you, my dear one, and grant you many happy years on earth! In every trial may he be with you!—in every joy may you see reflected the light of his reconciled face! May he strengthen you for life's conflict; and, when the battle is fought and the victory won, may it be yours, dearest L., and mine, even mine,

“To range the sweet plains on the banks of the river,
And sing of salvation for ever and ever.”

Your own true

SALLIE.

Nov. 13, 1849.

To the Same, on her engagement.

And now, my dear friend, that, as you say, “the die is cast,” receive my warmest, truest, my whole heart's wishes and prayers for your happiness. I never knew before the strength of the tie between us,—never till this suspense has given me an elder sister's feeling of anxiety, committing her treasure to another's care with such trembling as only strong affection knows, yet with hope and trust, with now no wish to have it otherwise. I cannot write—may-

be, not speak—what I feel about this, dear L.; but if there are any words to express stronger desires for your happiness than those I have used, you *know* that I feel them *all*.

To her friend C. A. B. she writes,—

There seems a prospect of a perfect influx of company for several weeks at least, throwing a shadow of corresponding length on the bright prospect of a peep at Sycamore Hall and its inmates. Not only that, but the prospect of having one of its loved inmates with us is also dimmed,—that is, for a time; for the good old proverb “Where there’s room in the heart there’s room in the house” doesn’t seem to be verified to us by this summer’s experience,—the house being by no means as commodious as the hearts which it enshrines,—paradoxical as that may appear.

To a Relative in Affliction.

MY BELOVED AUNT:—I have been with you in thought this afternoon, as you followed your dear one to the grave. Oh, if I could but have been with you, to mingle my tears with yours and take one last

look at that dear form that we shall see no more on earth!

Dear, dear aunt, may God support you under this deep trial! It is indeed tempered with mercy,—mercy so great that at times even your mother's heart may feel that only, and find nothing for which to grieve.

When we think of the glory to which she has gone, and the world of trial and conflict from which she has been taken, it seems as if we could only rejoice.

She has been spared the long and often toilsome path which those of us must tread who tarry longer,—spared the entering *through much tribulation* the kingdom of heaven,—and called, almost as soon as she gave evidence of being indeed one of Christ's little ones, to take her place at the right hand of the throne.

Oh, if we could pierce the veil, if we could follow her redeemed and glorified spirit into the presence of her Saviour God, and comprehend its perfect happiness, our sighs would be changed to songs, our mourning to thanksgiving.

But we “dwell in houses of clay, whose foundation is in the dust, which are crushed before the moth.” No affliction for the present is joyous, but very

grievous: while on the earth, we *must* suffer when the objects of our love are torn away. Dear, dear aunt, to your bleeding heart may the balm of Gilead be applied !

“The bruised reed he will not break,
Afflictions all his children feel;
He wounds us for his mercy’s sake,
He wounds to heal.”

These are precious promises, rich in consolation: may they all be fulfilled to you and in you!

Most affectionately your niece,

SARAH M. JOHNSON.

To a Friend labouring under Special Disquietude.

I think of you much in your many cares and anxieties, especially about ——. Try and come with all to God. You say you have always known him as a merciful God: may he never be different to you! *He cannot* be different. His nature is unchangeable. “His nature and his name is love,”—love and mercy, which are often most truly shown in the severest chastisements he sends,—love and mercy, which never fail, and are never incompatible with the severest displays of his justice and power. It is in *ourselves* the change must be; and this, in every heart, must be a

great change, before *our wills* become reconciled and entirely conformed to his.

To Another, whose Husband was absent on a Distant Journey.

. . . June 1st has passed without writing, but not without thought of you. You were very constantly in my thoughts all that day, with the earnest hope and prayer that, in the parting with your dear husband, God would strengthen you and him. Does not each changing scene of life show us more surely the strength of our support, and the blessedness of that hope which is as an anchor to the soul? In my dear sisters' absence and remote distance, I seem to have realized as I never did before that He who is King over all the earth, who reigns in heaven and is the upholder of all things, is the same God without whose knowledge not a sparrow falls to the ground,—our covenant-keeping God, who keeps his people as the apple of his eye.

The thick darkness that meets our straining eyes as we would gaze over the waste of waters, beyond rivers and mountains, populous cities and barren wastes, to see where and how they are,—the dull echo that comes back to our longing hearts as we seek for

our loved ones,—is changed into such light and peace, as we look to *him* for them, as we feel *he* sees, *he* knows, *he* cares for them, they are safe, safe with him, that it seems to give a new joy to life,—to make us *feel* that all needful things *are* added unto us when the one great need is satisfied,—to bring us very near to the unseen world; for He who is the Maker and Preserver of our bodies is the Father of our spirits. I know, my precious friend, that this separation will be very hard for you; but I know, too, that you will find such strength and support as will turn your heaviness concerning it into joy. You will be very busy with your dear children now that you will be for a while their only earthly guardian and guide. God bless and strengthen you each day for its own appointed work!

CHAPTER IV.

“The gentle heart that thinks, with pain,
It scarce can lowliest tasks fulfil,
And, if it dared its life to scan,
Would ask but pathway low and still,
Often such lowly heart is brought
To act with power beyond its thought;
For God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead his own.”

Hymns of the Ages.

S might be expected, it was in her home that Sarah found the chief sphere of her activities and affections. The oldest of eleven children, she was not only the devoted daughter and affectionate sister, but became, after leaving school, the faithful teacher of the younger members of the family. The strong, deep current of a sister's love, which was so evident in her daily life, appears everywhere through her letters. Speaking of a little brother who had come to claim a place in their home and hearts, she says,—

I am trying to have a juster view of my duties to these little ones. I used to feel, it seems to me, all a mother's solicitude and more than a mother's care; but I believe it was well neither for me nor them. A sister's responsibilities I know I cannot estimate too highly; I know I cannot labour too diligently for their eternal good; but I believe I clogged my own efforts by attempting more than the work set before me, carrying a burden heavier than I could bear.

Looking at them sleeping, she writes,—

How long I could gaze on them, wondering how it is that in those little forms is embodied what will live on, live forever! Think of the eternity before them! And then how strange it seems that in this little, little span of life, all is to be done, upon this all depends! And then comes the wonder what *this life* will be to them,—how God will order their earthly lot. At such a time as this, the thought that there is nothing they can see or hear but will leave its impress on their young spirits, but will have a bearing on their eternal destiny, is almost fearful. And then I chide myself for ever having one dissatisfied, one murmuring thought; for, oh, to do any thing towards forming one young soul for heaven, is it not

blessedness enough? If I could only always feel it so! But then I do not: the cares "that weigh our burdened spirits down with the cumbering dust of earth" often obscure the spiritual vision.

To a Sister, on Recovery from Sickness.

WASHINGTON, May 7, 1850.

MY DARLING LITTLE SISTER:—You have been so much the subject of my thoughts of late that, though absent, I find you constantly before my mind, and so must write and say, "How d'ye do?" even if it cannot be answered till I get home. Cousin J. informs me that you still continue to improve,—which is a source of joy to me, and, I trust, of thankfulness. The angel of death has passed over our dwelling; and surely we should all have thankful hearts, and be quickened in our efforts to spend aright the life which God lengthens out. Here God has permitted him to enter and take from this family its head. The husband and father, whom they all loved as fondly as we do our dear father, is laid in the grave, and here they shall see his face no more. But they are comforted with the hope that he, through faith in Jesus his Saviour, has now his inheritance among the redeemed in heaven, and with the promise that God will not forsake the widow and fatherless who

trust in him. Death has entered into another house of our friends, too, darling, and taken dear little L. away. I feel deeply for poor Uncle W. and Aunt L. in having to part with their dear child, and hope God will give them comfort, for no one else can in such a grief. And may He help you and me, dear sister, and all we love, to be ready for the time when death shall come to us! It is a bright, beautiful world, and we have many, many blessings; but it is most bright and beautiful to those who have the love of God most brightly shed upon their path, and who look forward most to another, brighter world beyond.

After a few years, Sarah was spared the pain of separation from her family in attendance upon public worship. She thus alludes to this:—

Have I told you how constantly father now attends our church? Have I not reason to be thankful? Oh that the vouchsafing of these mercies may only lead me to seek more for him! It seems strange that we—I, rather—have so little faith, and stranger still that now, when a desire so ardent that I scarcely dared indulge it is fulfilled, I seem to feel the great matter of their salvation pressing less heavily than before.

Some years later she writes,—

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 8, 1854.

Sometimes I think I could not have lived so long in this family a professing Christian, without some being brought in, if I had manifested in any measure the fruits of the Spirit. But “the end is not yet;” and I know that, with deep contrition for the past, I ought to seek earnestly—expecting it will come—the promised blessing.

The “promised blessing” failed not. She had the joy of welcoming to the communion of the Church with which she had herself united, her mother and three sisters,—to see her father a regular attendant upon its services, one of the largest contributors to its Christian enterprises, and manifesting such an interest in personal religion that his pastor could express at his funeral the confident expectation that he would soon have made a public profession of his faith. The following letters are addressed to her mother and two of her sisters:—

MILTON, March 30, 1858.

. . . I cannot put off one day longer telling you, dear mother, of my warm sympathy and welcome. Oh, may you be strengthened to fulfil the vows you have taken upon you! for though the confession of Christ before men is such a very simple thing, yet it does involve very great responsibilities. But we need not fear: at least, we need fear nothing but our own sinful, deceitful hearts; for we *know* that the grace promised us is sufficient for us, to sustain in all our weakness and enable us to persevere unto the end. I think you will find it a great blessing and privilege to be outwardly numbered as one of Christ's people, to share their prayers and the "communion of saints," which is a reality. You will find, dear mother, that there is more warm Christian love and fellowship than you ever thought before. But I must stop. I have said nothing as I wished; but not an hour passes without thought of you, and the earnest prayer that you may find, in the portion you have chosen, all you need for time and for eternity.

CINCINNATI, June 12, 1858.

. . . And now, darling, I can only tell you of my joy and thankfulness at the news your letter brought.

T. said to me, after reading it, "It is the best letter you ever got;" and so I felt it. Oh, how I had longed and prayed, not lately only, but for many years, for just the news your letter brought! Oh, may it quicken me to a life of more love and more devotion, may it increase my weak faith, that two of my dear sisters have early in life been led to give themselves to the service of God, have been turned, as we have the blessed hope, from darkness to light, from death to life! May God strengthen and help you, my dear ones, to fulfil the vows you have taken upon you! may he enable you to live as consistent Christians, growing in grace, and daily forming into the image of his dear Son! We need not fear if we only trust him. He is able to carry on the work he has begun; and we have the blessed assurance that the faintest spark of grace shall not be suffered to die out, but shall be kept alive by that Holy Spirit who has implanted it. Only let us be watchful over ourselves; let us never forget the duty of self-examination and prayer; let us resolve to give up *every thing* that in *any way* stands in the way of a full surrender of ourselves to God; let us aim, not (as I fear many do) at just religion enough to save us, but at *perfect holiness*, at perfect conformity to the

will and to the character of God as revealed to us in the person of his Son. I must close. Much love to dear mother and all, and believe me more than ever, in the delightful bonds of Christian sympathy,

Your loving sister S.

During the winter of 1852, she had become betrothed to Rev. Wm. Theo. Wylie, a minister in the Reformed Presbyterian Church. The following selections are from her correspondence with him:—

If we may only be working for God and “co-workers with him,” it does seem as though nothing would be hard. I think I have felt more than usual lately how very little it matters what is our outward life, so that we are disciplining for heaven. Sometimes I think I can say, “Welcome pain, or any sort of affliction, that will bring us nearer to God!” I know that I can pray that *whatever* discipline is best for us may be sent, even though it lead through a pathway of trial; and yet I know that my poor heart, in its weakness, would shrink from suffering, and, in its sinfulness, would rebel, but for sustaining grace. It is sweet to leave all with God,—not to seek trial, but strength to meet it

when it comes, and to look to him for present help and grace, which we need always.

I have thought of you very much to-day in your solemn communion-services. My prayer has been that God would grant you, in your own soul, communion with him, and give you grace and wisdom to speak to others the word in season,—of comfort to the afflicted, of encouragement to the desponding, of rebuke and quickening to the backsliding, of condemnation to the false professor, of awakening to the “dead in sin,” of peace to the inquiring and anxious. . . . It seems to me that at every step there must be a struggle to get self out of our hearts,—self-dependence, self-gratification, self-satisfaction, self-glorification, self in every thing. But, thanks be to God, we do not have to struggle alone: if indeed we are his chosen, we are chosen to eternal life, and no man is able to pluck us out of his hand.

On her birthday:—

I know you are thinking of me to-day, dearest T.; and I wanted before this to have thought aloud to you the happy thoughts this day has brought. I have not had much time to think, or, at least, to get

into what Mrs. Stowe calls "a state of mind," (a thing which, by the way, I aim at entirely too much;) but my early morning hour was a sweet, peaceful one, and I trust I was enabled with my whole heart to give thanks for mercies past,—for "surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life,"—to implore strength and grace for the present hour, and to trust my future calmly, peacefully,—yes, even joyfully,—with the God of love, who is, I hope, *my* covenant-keeping God.

"Sweet to lie passive in his hands
And know no will but his!"

Sweet, sweet, to trust our all with him! Oh, why have we ever one anxious thought? If I am a Christian, as I hope, I should have no sorrow but my own cold heart and that others do not love him. These guide-marks on our journey *ought* to mark a period of renewed consecration, and give us a new impulse in the way of life; and so I know you have prayed for me, and so for myself I do earnestly desire that it may be. It seems to me I realize more than ever before to-day the wonderful, wonderful love of Jesus. Oh, I hope it is not mere feeling, but an influence of his own Holy Spirit, which, in view of my utter unworthiness and my coldness in his

service, even since I professed to love him, may lead me to bear his cross more steadily, faithfully, and henceforth to know nothing but Christ and him crucified.

She thus confides to him the doubts which at the time were harassing her :—

Every thing last week seemed to point my thoughts to these latitudinarian, infidel views of the age,—this great infidel discussion about which I told you, hearing E., reading Miss B.'s book, which alludes much to him, many Socialist settlements, &c., and then Miss L. S., whose lecture I heard and was much pleased with.

And again :—

I have been a half-hour alone, and have been trying to look into my heart; and I do hope that, by God's grace, the troubles of the last few weeks are going to leave me, and that I may again sit "clothed and in my right mind" at the feet of Jesus. Oh, the utter weariness of wandering away from God! What a stranger to peace I have been in these last few weeks, I shudder and weep now to think! I could not pray with comfort; for prayer seemed like

a mockery when all about the way of salvation was dark and uncertain to my mind. I wanted only to read the Bible, and for that did not get, or perhaps, rather, did not take time as I ought,—though it has been a difficult matter in the present cold weather. I do not feel even now that all difficulties are removed, and I want to examine and end them, that my faith may not again be so shaken. But the strong evidence seems in my soul that the Bible is true,—experience testifying so that I cannot be mistaken; and I can repose on this *rock*, while, for others' sake and my own, I can examine, with divine help, the difficulties that have made me stumble. Now comes the question, Can I, can I, be a child of God, when my faith seems to have had so little foundation? But I will not trouble about that now. He has not given me up, and I think I can admire and adore the grace that in all my weakness and wickedness has not forsaken me. Oh, if he does not uphold me, I shall utterly fall! Continue to pray for me. I fear I trust too much to your prayers. Many, many thoughts have been with you through the day, though I have written only of myself. I trust it has been a day of peace to your own soul and good to others,—even eternal good. God has

given you peace while I have been in darkness. I trust I can bless him for it, and learn from it that he can take care of his own,—that I am to look at my own state before God, and not with reference to you; for part of my trouble in these dreary weeks has been that I should be a hinderance to you, and be utterly unfit for your helper and companion.

Announcing her engagement to a friend, she writes,—

Where my future lot shall be cast I know not. I'm promising to be the wife of one who has given himself "to the ministry of the word." I felt that I had no right to *wish*, except with him to go where the Master has need of us. And, in (what many would deem) this uncertain prospect, I am very happy, dear,—feeling that the Lord whom we serve can appoint our places and provide a way for us; that there is no *uncertainty* in him, or in a love which has, as we trust, him for its foundation.

To another, in the near prospect of marriage:—

. Sept. 5, 1854.

I could not be looking forward to this great change of my life as a fixed thing, and so soon, without

wishing that my old dear friend should know of it, and bear me—as I trust she will—in her thoughts and prayers. I have no doubts or misgivings as to the future. With nothing of earth to rest on, in its prospect, except that strong supporting love which, founded, as we trust, on the Rock of Ages, must be *sure*, the way before me is, and becomes increasingly, a way of peace. We have committed our ways to God, and I trust we shall not mistake the path in which he will lead us, and that he will enable us to do something for his glory,—yes, *even me*. But this sundering of home-ties, dear K.,—these life-ties, so almost terribly strong,—oh, it cannot be without pain! and for it I need strength far more than my own. Ask this for me, will you not, dear friend? and that this parting may be overruled for good to me and our dear family.

She was married Sept. 19, 1854, and left home immediately with her husband to visit friends at the West. Referring to the parting hour, she writes,—

Oh, A., no one knows what it was to leave my father!

Every other tie, strong as the others were, seemed

weak compared with that. I did not think any life except of a mother and a child could be so bound up in another's as now, it seems, mine is in his. Oh, may God quicken my affection to earnest prayer!

In a letter home after her marriage, addressed to her mother, who meanwhile had been called to part with a beloved sister by death, she says,—

We have indeed had much to teach us, in these brief two weeks of our married life, that we are truly “pilgrims and strangers” on the earth. . . . Recounting these things, it seems like a sad bridal trip; but we have had, withal, abounding mercies, and, chief of these, the disposition, as we trust, to say, in Bible language, “My times are in thy hand,” and to leave the disposal of our lives, whether long or short, to Him to whom we have devoted them. If we only may read our title clear to the heavenly inheritance, we shall be ready for every discipline of life, and for the hour of death, whenever it shall come.

And then, describing a visit they had paid to a friend who lay upon her dying bed, she adds, “She spoke to me of the shortness of her married

life,—only five years,—that I might think of the end.” Her own was no longer.

Mr. Wylie having accepted a charge in Milton, Pennsylvania, they removed thither in April, 1855. Sarah thus describes to a friend the surroundings of her new home:—

MILTON, June 14, 1855.

How I wish you could see this most lovely country in its beautiful June robe of bright, fresh green! The landscape varies at every turn in the road,—every step, almost,—and seems to possess every combination of beauty. Distant mountains, a broad, bright river, gently-rolling hills and lovely valleys, the latter showing marks of high cultivation, gemmed with orchards, fruitful fields, and snug farm-houses, with their outbuildings nestled among them,—all are seen at a glance, and in such variety of beauty that the eye seems never tired of gazing.

To another she speaks of the kindly greeting extended by the people, and adds, “I feel that it will be my own fault if I do not make friends among them.” The interest and affection she ever manifested towards them were warmly reci-

procated, and, as one of them remarked after her death, a breath was never heard against her.

The first record in her diary after being settled at Milton is the following:—

April 29, 1855.—I desire to look calmly at the state of my heart and at my present duties. I think I cannot be deceived that I am truly the Lord's. What I value for myself—what I desire above all things for those I love—is, if I know my heart, “His favor which is life.” I am full of worldly thoughts, and ever ready to be led away captive by them; but it does not seem to me that I love or delight in them. The evidences I have are weak,—weak to those I might and ought to have. I can only wonder that any should be given to one so unfaithful, so unprofitable, as I have been! My temptations now, I think, will be, mainly, too much pride in and concern about my housekeeping,—too much sensitiveness about my dear husband's opinion and his attentions,—and a musing, dreamy way of doing things, (especially in the physical state I have been in of late.) Therefore, resolved, To guard against anxiety, “being careful and troubled,” and strive, when I have done the best I can, to feel no concern about results,—to guard against unduly making my end and aim my husband's approbation,—

to cultivate cheerfulness in my intercourse with him, and not to let slight variations of my mood or his weigh upon me,—to do with my might what my hand finds to do; learn to turn promptly from one employment to another.

A little daughter having been given them to gladden their dwelling, she writes to her father,—

MILTON, Dec. 17, 1855.

DEAREST FATHER:—The first line I am able to write must be to you. My heart is full as I write; for God has been very, very good to me, in sparing me to life, and in giving my dear little babe to keep as a precious trust for him. I must commend it to your love, dear father. We have given it your name; for I felt that I could give no other to my child than his to whom I am bound by the strongest ties of natural affection; and in this my dear husband felt as I did. It seems to bind you to me by a still stronger tie, if that is possible, dear father; and as our prayers go up to God for our little one, they must always bring the thought of him whose name she bears. May we be “heirs together of the grace of life,” all of us partakers of that great salvation which Christ has promised and offered to us!

To a friend she writes,—

March, 3d.

I find my dear baby twining every day closer to my heart. I fear I do not feel my dependence for her or myself as closely as at first in her and my weakness. I do desire to feel that I have no hope for her except through Christ, his finished work and righteousness.

To her Mother.

To-morrow Laura will be a year old. It marks the first little mile-stone on her journey,—the period of unconscious, irresponsible babyhood. She has been a source of great happiness to us, as well as of anxious care: in many respects the care must be increased as the little mind and heart expand and develop, but, by God's grace, I hope so will be our happiness in seeing her first young affections given to him.

After the birth of a son, she writes in her diary,—

Aug. 30, 1857.—Eight months of the year have gone. Another dear child is given me; and I feel sometimes that, in life's responsibilities and cares, I am indeed in the heat and burden of the day. The past months of the year seem almost dream-like,—no great outward changes to mark its course, no very new in-

ward experiences; for this new care and love for my dear baby boy seems rather the swelling of the great stream of love that flows out to both my dear children, than the opening of a new fountain.

And again:—

Jan. 17, 1858.—Thus far on in another year. The old besetments are still here, to be striven against,—the old difficulty of being constantly behind my work and having a constant sense of failure. In some things I have improved. I believe I am more prompt and efficient than I used to be, the quick promptings of a wife's and mother's love, the necessities of the case, calling for more quickness and despatch on my part if I would make them comfortable. But lately I have been in a good deal of a tangle, constantly approximating, but never reaching, the point of order in my household and a little *freedom* in the disposal of my own time. I still feel constantly that back work is driving me. To-day I have felt clearer about this than for some time past. I believe my trouble about this fault arises a good deal from a real desire to see the root of the difficulty, and whether it is possible for me to reach it. But partly, too, it is *pride*,—the old desire to be a perfect character rather than a lowly Christian.

CHAPTER V.

Suffering is the work now sent :
Nothing can I do but lie
Suffering as the hours go by :
All my powers to this are bent.
Suffering is my gain : I bow
To my heavenly Father's will,
And receive it hush'd and still :
Suffering is my worship now.

RICHTER.

THE following letter from an uncle of the subject of this memoir is inserted with the one it enclosed from Dr. Caspar Morris. It is a valuable tribute, as coming from one who not only had an intimate acquaintance with Sarah from childhood, in all her relations, but also ever knew her in these with the intimacy of a mutual and hearty friendship.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 13, 1860.

DEAR MRS. R.:—I send you the following note from Caspar Morris, M.D., of this city, as a contri-

bution to the memoir you are preparing of our dear Sarah. It will illustrate in a very emphatic manner the strength of her religious faith, her entire willingness to conform in every thing to the will of God, and the calm cheerfulness which formed a large element of her character.

It may be well to state briefly the circumstances under which the examination alluded to was made.

Early in June, 1859, she came to the city for the benefit of medical advice. There being some difference of opinion among her medical advisers as to the manner of treating her disease, some of her friends were anxious that the opinion of Dr. Morris should be had. In this anxiety I shared largely, inasmuch as the doctor was my friend, my physician, and, in many cases, the sympathizing Christian counsellor of my family. He being absent in Baltimore at the time, I accompanied the dear sufferer thither, and, by appointment, met him at the Gillmor House of that city. Although present at the interview, I will not attempt a description: suffice it to say that the chamber was to me not only a Bochim, but a Bethel, and its painful yet delightful remembrances will linger as long as memory endures.

Shortly after the examination and pleasant Christian interview, Sarah accompanied me on a short walk. We called on a mutual friend. From her cheerful conversation, the joyous dancing of her full, expressive eye, and the lively interest she took in matters claiming her attention, her most intimate friend could not have supposed that so grave a piece of information had been so recently communicated,—even the existence of a disease which would certainly and speedily, as far as human knowledge could foresee, terminate in death.

The sequel is known. She sleeps in Jesus. Would that I could pay a just tribute to the memory of the departed! Would that I could portray, in lines of living light, the purest, brightest, and most symmetrical Christian character it has been my privilege to meet! Language is totally inadequate.

As I recall her infancy, childhood, youth, and maturity, with the buddings, changes, developments, and vigour of mind incident to each,—as memory flashes over an unrestrained life-long intercourse,—scenes and incidents arise too sacred for even a private memoir. Permit me, then, to draw closer the curtain which hides her home-life as daughter,

sister, wife, and mother, as sanctities belonging only to her surviving and still sorrowing kindred.

Yours, in Christian affection,

J. McM.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I am rejoiced to learn that we are to be favoured with a memorial of the lovely Christian character of the late Mrs. Wylie. Never shall I cease to cherish with fond recollection the memory of her worth as it was displayed during those sad and painful scenes amid and by which her faith was made perfect. When first I saw her, I was strongly attracted by the gentle, confiding, simple manner in which she exhibited to me the symptoms of a disease of the nature of which she already had sufficient knowledge to cause her to regard it with serious apprehension. My own heart sank within me as, step by step, I was led to the conviction of my judgment that it was incurable in its nature, and rapidly pressing forward to a fatal result. I could with difficulty bring myself to utter the sentence which should dissipate the hope which had brought an affectionate and faithful wife and the loving mother of precious children a long journey; and when, reading my opinion in my counte-

nance more clearly than from my language, she turned upon me her clear, lustrous eyes, with no expression of disappointment, much less of fear, I realized the full value of that divine power by which she was sustained, and which, supplied by Omnipotence, always triumphs in the child of God. Her face, beautiful in its physical features, became radiant with an expression which nothing but the "Spirit of Truth" could communicate to a mortal countenance; and the manifestation of acquiescence in the will of God was that not of submission, but of conformity,—as though "Christ had been so formed in her heart by faith" that she even then realized that "to die was gain," and that she was ready to depart and be with Him who was her present help in that hour of her need, the "strength of her heart and her portion forever." The little chamber in the hotel was a Bethel; and not only then, but ever since, I have felt that it was a high privilege to have been permitted to witness and be an actor in a scene in which the "grace, mercy, and truth" of the "God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ" was so wondrously displayed. Though it was an hour in which every earthly hope was crushed and her fondest affections severed, she was "hidden in the cleft of

the Rock while the goodness of God passed before her." Nor was this a mere transient exaltation of feeling. Founded on the rock, her building stood unshaken amid the raging flood and beating storm; and as she appeared to me then, so she continued "steadfast to the end," amid suffering and sorrow calm and rejoicing,—until, made "perfect through suffering," ever abiding in Christ and loving him here, she was made partaker of that glory which he hath provided for them that love him. In every look and word she was most truly a "living epistle, testifying of the gospel of the grace of God," and proving, beyond cavil, that there must be a better land, a heavenly country, where those who, like her, have been "given unto Jesus," shall "be with him where he is, and see his glory which he had before the foundation of the world." She lived and believed in him, and therefore could never die; and one of the strongest incentives to seek for the same faith is to be found, not in the desire only of the same support under similar trials, but in the wish to be like her, and, with her, "forever with the Lord."

I wish I could convey more clearly and forcibly my idea of her Christian worth and loveliness. My

failure is not caused by any want of distinctness in the image in my own heart, but by the inadequacy of the means of expression at my command.

Yours, most truly,

CASPAR MORRIS.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 11, 1860.

From her childhood, Sarah had given indications of a frail constitution,—though her full face, brilliant colour, and animated expression might have seemed to betoken vigorous health. During the winter of 1859, she had great demands upon her strength, from sickness in her family, which prostrated every member of the household except herself. She writes,—

Jan. 13.

To-day our little Sammy is sick with what is undoubtedly scarlet fever. Truly can I say, "The thing that I dreaded is come upon me." But we must trust to a gracious Providence, and leave the event with him.

The nature of the disease precluded many kind offices which otherwise would have been gladly rendered, and often the most menial duties of the

family she was obliged to perform herself. The exertions made at this time tended to develop further a difficulty which had previously manifested itself in the form of a swelling under the arm. While on a visit to Philadelphia, in the spring, the best medical advice was obtained for her. Some of the physicians urged an immediate operation, but others dissented; and, as the result proved, she was wisely spared the use of the knife. To her friend Mrs. P. she writes,—

June 17.

I hope to be at home, at least for a little while, after two or three weeks. I have much to enjoy and every thing to be thankful for; but it is hard to stay away from my husband and child and a home that becomes daily more dear. I feel so well that sometimes I hardly see the *use* of it; but this, too, must be taken, I suppose, as a part of my discipline. We are not to dictate to Him who “sitteth as a refiner and purifier of silver” how we shall be tried.

To another friend:—

July 4.

You must not think of me, dear A., as an invalid. It has only needed patience to be willing thus to be

set aside, and often when so well that I could scarcely see the need of it. To *have* to stay from my dear boy and part of the time from my husband has been a trial; and I fear my impatient spirit has often rebelled. I feel that this almost literal tying of my hands (for I am not allowed to use my right arm much) has been and is a real cross to my anxious, worldly spirit, that wants always to be busy, and importantly busy too. I pray it may be sanctified; and you will ask this for me.

A visit to the sea-shore seemed greatly to invigorate her; but, on her return home, she engaged with her wonted devotion in nursing a friend who had been taken sick at her house, and she soon lost the strength she had regained. Again she repaired to the city for medical advice, and, while there, attended the reunion of her schoolmates at the house of their instructor, on the 1st day of October. No one who saw her on that occasion would have judged, from her beaming face, that she had that morning elicited from her physician his opinion that her malady was incurable. It was during this absence from home that an incident occurred amid the lonely

group she had left there, which, though it has already appeared in print, deserves a place in this connection.

It was on a dark, rainy afternoon of last October, while the winds were stripping the trees of their last withered leaves, that a Christian man received a letter from one of the most eminent physicians in Philadelphia, whither his wife had resorted for medical treatment, conveying the assurance that a disease, which might, and finally must, prove fatal, had fastened itself on his beloved companion. This opinion had for some time been anticipated by him, but only as a *possibility*; and now a dark cloud settled suddenly on him. He strove to realize the Saviour's presence and love, and find a conscious support and sympathy in this; but he could only feel sure that God is good and gracious. A covering of cloud was over him, while he looked into a dark, dark valley before him, through which a loved one was soon to pass. The shadows of twilight were gathering. His two little children had laid aside their childish sports, and were seated with him at the tea-table, cheerfully talking of an absent mother whose return was daily expected, but only, as their

father now knew, soon again to leave them on that last journey from which there is no return. They knew not his thoughts and feelings as he gave them their meal, reminded by the vacant chair that soon she who had occupied it would leave it forever. The meal was over, and he sat in silence and in darkness of soul, wondering at what God had brought before him, and gazing at the messenger who, in a definite form, was seen drawing near his beloved partner.

Soon his little daughter, who is not yet four years of age, climbed upon his knees, and, nestling her head on his bosom, told, as was her custom, of her little doings through the day. Her father heard her words, but did not give them the usual attention. But *one* thought occupied his mind. Looking to the future, he was striving to see light beyond the grave, and his silent prayer was, "O God my Saviour, send forth thy light,—from thy presence, where light ever dwells, and where sin and sorrow never enter! O thou who art acquainted with grief, give thy servant light on this mysterious dispensation!" Scarcely had this prayer left his heavy heart, when his little daughter, breaking suddenly from her previous prattle, said, "Papa, must we go *through* death's

dark vale to get to heaven?" Now he heard her, and answered, "Yes, my dear,"—when she added, "But we will not fear any *evil*, will we?"

The fountain of her father's heart was now opened, and the cloud of darkness was dispersed. The Light which he had been seeking broke upon him, and made even the dark vale radiant with the brightness of heaven. He caught up the words of David, in the 8th Psalm, "O Lord, *our* Lord, how excellent in all the earth is thy name!" "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger."

The shadows of evening were closing over earth. Father and child were silent for a time. She saw not his face, or knew not to what he was applying her words; but she felt the heavings of his bosom, as her head rested upon it, and caught the falling tears on her upturned face; and, as if with a quick sympathy taught by a heavenly teacher, she again spoke:—"But, papa, Heavenly Father knows what is best for us in *every thing*: doesn't he, papa?"

Sympathizing friend—experienced Christian—learned divine! What *could* have been said more fitting, more instructing, more sympathizing, more cheering?

All narrated is strictly true. How precious is our Saviour's love! how constant and tender and compassionate his care!

How wonderful his ways of speaking to his servants! How precious is his truth, and how precious, in this instance, his ministering child!

Indications of Sarah's failing strength began to multiply, and she was soon deprived almost entirely of the use of her limbs. Still, she cheerfully parted from her friends on leaving the city, remarking to one, "I have been coming back and forth so often, it seems as though I should soon be down again:" yet they thought, when she said farewell, they detected a longing look, as though she felt it might be the last. On her return to Milton she writes,—

Oct. 19, 1859.

MY BELOVED FATHER AND MOTHER:—As I sit here alone, my thoughts are so much with you that I must try to give you evidence of it by at least a few lines from my pen. Whilst with you last, I became so accustomed to your loving care that I hardly know how to do without your little visits to my room dear father, or my evening hour with you in

the library, or dear mother's pleasant society in that cheerful front room. Each brother and sister seems nearer and dearer than ever before; and I often think that, if sickness and pain taught me no other lesson, this experience alone has taught me some of "the sweet uses of adversity." I hope this experience is not all, sweet as it is; for I do pray that this and every other trial may bring me nearer to my Saviour and make me more like to him.

Oct. 31, 1859.

DEAREST MOTHER:—I am happy to be able to write my own bulletin to you this morning, and to report myself pretty comfortable, although no less lame than I have been. . . . I think I am as well, and in some respects better than when I left you. I try to leave all anxious thoughts where they belong, casting my care on Him who careth for me, and praying that his appointments for each passing day may bring my will in conformity to his.

The following are the last letters she wrote,—one addressed to her father, begun but never finished, the others to two of her earliest friends, the last being finished within a week of her death:—

MILTON, Dec. 28, 1859.

MY DEAREST L.:—This is such a well day with me that I must use the few moments while I can sit up, to say a word to you. Every day is uncertain; and this may be my last opportunity. I want to thank you, my precious friend, for all your faithful love. I do thank and bless God for our friendship. As its steadfast endurance on earth has been his work, so, I do not doubt, it shall endure throughout eternity. You will want to know, dear L., how I feel in near view of eternity. I can only say, as day after day of pain and weariness passes on, "Thanks be to God, that giveth me the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" Faith is very, very weak, and the love of life is very strong, and the conflict to be *willing* to part with my husband, and *willingly* to give up my children, has at times been fearful. Sometimes the entrance to the dark valley looks indeed chill and dreary and all on the other side seems uncertain; but this is not often; and, with a thankful, thankful heart, I can say there is prevailing peace. I *do* feel the Everlasting arms underneath me. I *know* he will not suffer me to perish. I know that when I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I shall fear no evil. I know that the Author

will be the Finisher of my faith. I feel, dear L., that in these months of discipline I have been sifted as wheat. My earnest prayer has been that I might have no false hope. It may be, my own dear friend, that I may yet see your face on earth. Sometimes I think a few days will bring me to the end, sometimes that I may yet linger here for months. My times are in his hand. If you can come to me, I need not say what joy it would bring. If not, I can only say again, the Lord bless you, and keep you and all yours. My confidence for you is as for myself, that you are safe, *safe* with him. May he enable you and your dear husband to glorify him, in life and in death! may he make your dear children early and decided followers of the Saviour! Dearest L., I know you will give to my dear ones an auntie's love and an auntie's interest and prayers. If Providence permit, I trust our children may be sometimes together. I can write no more. Continue to write to me, dearest friend. Come to me, if you can; pray for me; and may the Lord be the light of your countenance and your salvation, prays

YOUR OWN OLD FRIEND.

MILTON, Jan. 9, 1860.

MY BELOVED FATHER:—Day after day I have been wishing to write a few words to you with my own hand, but each day the little strength I have has been used up in talking to the different friends who have been with us. I cannot now talk much, on account of the frequent extreme oppression and pain across the chest. Sometimes I can only whisper, for hours together; and there have been whole days when I have been almost afraid to speak or move. For several days, too, I have been unable to sit up, from a severe spasmodic pain in the sides and back, which seems to take my breath. These things together make the days seem longer than they did; but I am mercifully more free from pain, have less sick stomach, and better nights. Sometimes I even think that I am getting better; but, as I compare one week with another, I find that I am steadily growing weaker, able to do less, and made more dependent on the love and care of those around me. Yet you will be glad to know, my dearest father, that in my own experience I find it to be true, that as the outward man perishes, the inward man is renewed day by day;—that as the earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved, I have a brighter hope of a house not made

with hands, eternal in the heavens. Revelation seems daily more precious, and I daily realize more and more how dark this world, how dark my soul, would be without it. Christ seems to stand out from the beginning to the end of the Bible the Saviour from sin, the Conqueror of death, more fully, more plainly, than I ever saw before. That he is *my* Saviour, that his blood has washed away *my* sins, that, as I have been planted in the likeness of his death, I shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection, is my only hope,—an all-sufficient hope. To use language Mr. C. quoted in his little letter to me, “In Christ is my refuge. In him I find fulness of life and peace; out of him, blackness of darkness.”

MY PRECIOUS FRIEND:—How many, many weeks and months I have watched for this time to come! and now I must be brief, for the voice, “What thou doest, do quickly,” has already, I have often thought, been spoken for the last time, and that there remained for me *no* knowledge nor device on this side the grave. But I am wonderfully better, and may be permitted to say yet a word to the precious friend of my childhood and youth,—the still dearer and more precious one of my maturer age. . . . My whole heart praises and blesses God for you and

L., and the many other Christian friends he has given me. One in Christ, we *must* be one with each other through time, throughout eternity. In perfect peace and confidence I commit you all to him, assured that he will reveal himself more closely to you at each succeeding step of your journey, that he will choose all your changes even till the last great change shall come. . . .

Feb. 16.—Another day, dearest, of remarkable freedom from pain. My soul does magnify the Lord for the comfort of body and mind he vouchsafes to me. I strive to live *a day at a time*, not to ask, How long shall this last? how shall I bear the suffering that must come again? when shall yet come the last great change?—at the evening, or at the cock-crowing, or the morning? I hope grace is making me triumph, and enabling me more and more to “trust and not be afraid.” I trust he is teaching me in some poor measure not only to be satisfied with, but to rejoice in, his will. Not I, but grace that dwelleth in me.

Oh, A., how much, how much I have to say to you!—much that I could not say even if you were here; for I have mostly to talk in whispers, and but a few words at a time. You have found, or will find, more of the unutterable riches of Christ's

love than I; and in heaven we may speak of it together. There has been much conflict. To stand on the brink of that great, awful, unknown eternity,—to part with life, so full of love and hope and joy,—my husband and my children, dearer than life,—it seems to me I was permitted to see and feel it all while mind was clear and senses unimpaired; but in the greatest darkness the light of the Star of Bethlehem was not hid; and now, A., that light, for the most part, seems to illumine all. God manifest in the flesh, from the beginning to the end of the Bible, from the beginning to the end of every part of our souls, seems to supply and comprehend all. And, then, “As thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us,” seems the pledge, as it is the foretaste, of heavenly intercourse and communion between those who love Christ here.

Feb. 20.—I must close, and send this poor scrawl. I did not forget that yesterday was your birthday. It seems strange that we are drifting so far from our youth. How little difference, if we are only busy at our appointed work!—if, whether living or dying, we are the Lord’s! . . . Oh, A., my children,—my precious ones! . . . Oh, I try just to give them up to God, just to trust him with them. My dearest hus-

band has been my best help in this. Pray for us all, my own friend. Dearest love to — and all dear friends. When they think of me, oh, ask them to pray that I may be kept from murmuring and unbelief. Your own loving S.

The closing scene can best be described in the words of him who, from day to day, through those weeks of suffering, watched the earthly house of her tabernacle dissolve, to be succeeded by that “building of God, the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens:”—

DEAR FRIEND:—You requested me to give you some particulars of the last hours of Mrs. Wylie's life; and I will gladly comply with your request, for all was so full of peace and joy, through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, that every remembrance of them is cheering and instructive. Truly the light of heaven breaks sometimes on the believer's path, though that path is still winding through the clouds and over the rough and thorny places of earth.

For about four months we knew that there was no hope of escaping from the painful disease which had fastened itself on her; and her conversation was

daily and cheerfully of death,—calmly regarding all its bearings as affecting herself and those who were dearer to her than herself. The approach of death was now considered as a present reality, and not as a future probability.

Indeed, it seemed as if the angel of death was hovering over her and hers with his dark wing, only awaiting the moment when the Master would give him permission to do his work. But, surely, never under the brightest sunshine of prosperity, or in the gladdest days of joyous activity, were hours of truer, deeper happiness enjoyed.

Although at times her sufferings were so severe that her whole frame would quiver under them, she never murmured or repined. For about three weeks before her death, her disease seemed to be checked, and she had comparatively but little suffering. She had a respite from severe pain, her appetite improved, and, although we had no hope of her recovery, we thought (to use her own words) that she might yet “see the grass again grow green, and the flowers bloom.” Although very weak, she never lost her interest in household matters, or in any thing relating to her friends. Her warm, quick sympathies seemed to be as active as they had been

when she was personally engaged in the duties of domestic and social life; and only a few days before her death, she suggested some changes which the approach of spring might render necessary in the garden.

After my reading to her one day from a newspaper, she remarked that "it might seem strange to some that she could take so much interest in these things, but that she feared letting her mind dwell on her own pains, and that by cherishing a cheerful interest in these things the mind was kept in a better frame for the contemplation of her approaching change." She did not think that the approach of death should destroy the believer's interest in daily duties; and so great was her enjoyment of life that she never spoke of death as desirable because it would terminate her intense suffering. In her every need she realized the fulfilment of His gracious promises who said, "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be." She enjoyed life because she found her Saviour's presence in every thing, and she was willing to die, though not anxious for the change. Her constant experience was, "For me to *live* is Christ," and her firm assurance was that, because of this, "to die would be gain."

Every one who entered her room felt that the presence of the light and life giving Saviour was there. She remembered and spoke of her many friends often, and tenderly, and from time to time sent messages to various persons of whom she had spoken. To two young friends who had been very thoughtless about the Saviour's claims on them, she said, "Tell them that I desire them to follow Christ. They will find one-hundredfold more happiness here, and life eternal hereafter." Again she sent the following to an aged friend:—"Tell her not to take any needless trouble to herself, but to *rejoice* in her blessings, and bear no burdens that have been borne for her." So fully did she keep up her interest in her friends and in the little matters of daily life, that we could hardly realize, often, that she was lying on the bed of death. A few days before her death, her little daughter was taken suddenly and dangerously ill. While deeply anxious about her, she continued cheerful, and was much in prayer that, whatever God's purpose might be, we both might be able fully to acquiesce in it. One day she said to me, "It seems strange that I should be anxious for Laura to be spared when I am about going; but you know it is for your sake." This, as every other care,

she had been enabled to cast on God, with a calm, loving confidence. On Saturday, her father arrived, about four o'clock in the afternoon; and she seemed to be more than usually gratified that he had come, although none of us anticipated then that God had brought him to stand, in a few hours, by the death-bed of his daughter. About midnight she had an unusual difficulty of breathing; and, after trying the various remedies which she was accustomed to, without advantage, I called in the physician from an adjoining room, where he was watching Laura. He told us that Mrs. Wylie's condition was very critical unless she obtained relief; but soon she got this, in a great measure, and passed into a quiet sleep till morning. In the morning she seemed better again, though very weak. I said to her, about eight o'clock, "This is a bright, beautiful Sabbath morning; but it is not a day of much rest to you *bodily*." "No," she replied; "but all is right. I cannot talk or say much to you, but I think of you all; and, if I should pass away, it is all right and well."

Laura continued that morning at the point of death, and I was obliged to be with her as much as possible. About nine o'clock, her mother said to me, when I had gone into her room, "You must be

with Laura ; but tell father to sit, with his book, in my room, where I can see him." Soon after that, she began to grow weaker, and said to her father, "This must be death." On returning to her bedside, shortly after, I saw a change ; and her father told me of her remark to him. I felt then that, for her, the Saviour's prayer, "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory," was soon to be answered. She kissed and blessed her little son, and sent her kiss and blessing to Laura, who seemed likely so soon to follow her mother.

She slowly sank until half-past twelve o'clock, when her sufferings closed, and, being made perfect in holiness, she passed into glory. She was perfectly conscious up to the last moment ; and in this God granted what had been her especial and earnest desire. From time to time I read short and appropriate passages of Scripture to her, knowing that the Saviour's words, so precious to her in life, would comfort her now in death ; and, while reading or speaking to her, she would open her eyes and listen as earnestly and joyously as I ever had seen her in life and health.

Once, near the last, I thought she might be uncon-

scious, and asked her, "Do you still know me?" Opening her eyes, she glanced around the room, giving a look of recognition to each, and said, "Oh, yes: I know every thing *perfectly*." I then asked, "Have you any shade of doubt or fear?" and she answered, with an expression of joy and triumph, "All is *perfect* peace." Thus was fulfilled God's promise to "keep in *perfect peace*" one whose mind was stayed on him.

I feel, my dear friend, that I have given you but a partial idea of the brightness and blessedness of her death-bed. God's grace was magnified in it; and we can only seek that we may be guided to such an end. God himself has said, "Write, Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord. These are they who came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple, and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed

away. Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have a right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."

She died February 26, 1860. Her remains were removed to Philadelphia, in her father's charge, her husband remaining behind with their little girl, whose spirit was trembling over the verge which her mother had just crossed. A large circle of the friends of her earlier and later days assembled under her father's roof, to look their last on the loved sleeper before her dust was borne to its sweet resting-place in the Woodlands Cemetery.

"Now rests her soul in Jesus' arms,
Her body in the grave sleeps well,
His heart her death-chill'd heart rewarms,
And rest more deep than tongue can tell,
Her few brief hours of conflict pass'd,
She finds with Christ, her Friend, at last."

APPENDIX.

THE touching and impressive funeral services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Barnes, Rev. Dr. Wylie, and Rev. Dr. McLeod, of New York.

ADDRESS AT THE HOUSE,

BY REV. ALBERT BARNES.

In the 116th Psalm there is a passage, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints:" that is, the death of his saints is an object valuable and important, in the great arrangements of divine grace. Such a death does not occur by chance, nor by mere natural laws, but is among the arrangements of divine grace by which God is exhibiting the excellence of his religion and carrying forward his great purposes of mercy in the world; and whenever a saint, a child of God, a redeemed and sanctified one, is removed

from the earth, it is among these arrangements. It is because God designs to accomplish by it some important plan or object that makes it desirable that it should be done at the time and in the circumstances in which it actually occurs. The removal from the earth of a Christian in the vigour of life, in the midst of usefulness, sustaining most tender and interesting relations, and with every earthly prospect of happiness, and of doing good, is among those events that occur in the providence of God which we cannot hope as yet fully to understand. We should suppose that God would keep such a one longer on the earth, for the promotion of his cause and the advancement of his kingdom,—and especially where such a Christian is situated in circumstances fitted for eminent usefulness by influencing other minds and drawing other hearts to the Saviour.

And yet there are a few things which may be said in relation to such a removal, that may, if they do not enable us fully to comprehend the subject, at least suggest to our minds some reasons why such a one is taken away, or may, at any rate, furnish some lessons of practical importance to those who are left behind.

One is, that, *whenever such a Christian is removed,*

a saint is taken from the earth. The great object of life, so far as that individual is concerned, is accomplished. And in reference to that, it is of no importance, if the peace is made with God, and the name written in the book of life, whether the removal occurs in youth, in middle years, or in old age. The great and leading business for which we are placed upon the earth is accomplished. Another soul is added to the number of the ransomed and purified, and has gone to join the immense multitudes beyond the Jordan and to be associated with holy and happy beings forever.

But if we look at this subject in the proper light, apart from the influences which surround us in our daily walk, we shall find that this is the great business of human life,—the great object, so far as we are personally concerned, for which we are placed upon the earth. It is not to gain this world's honour or pleasure; to secure the admiration of our fellow-men, but it is that we may obtain a part, through the grace of our Saviour, among the redeemed, and be happy and holy throughout everlasting ages.

Again: it may be that those who are taken away are taken away from the evils and pains and sor-

rows which they might be called to bear, and the trials through which they might have to pass, if they should be spared for many years on the earth. "The righteous," it is said, "are taken away from the evil to come;" and, though we may know not why it should be so, it may be one reason why God removes his saints from this earth to another world.

But especially is the observation of the passage I have quoted true in relation to the death of such a saint,—“Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints,”—as furnishing very often very striking and impressive and solemn admonitions in regard to the truth of religion, the value of religion, and the nature of religion.

Now, I am not ignorant, my friends, nor are you, that the Bible teaches us that the great evidence of the Christian's piety is to be found in the life,—in a consistent walk, in imitating the example of the Saviour, in dependence on him, in growing conformity to him. Whatever may occur on the bed of death, yet we are instructed most naturally to look to the life as the evidence of piety. And yet there is a proper carrying out of the Christian's life on the bed of death. There is an appropriate close of a Christian life. There is what we naturally and pro-

perly anticipate as the great rule in reference to those who have been devoted to the service of God, when they come to lie down to die. We anticipate, we look for, a close of the life different from that of the mere worldling and the impenitent sinner. We do anticipate on the bed of death the appropriate expression of religion, as the result of a life of piety, calmness, peace, submission to the will of God, the hope of heaven ripened as we approach the eternal world, and a readiness to depart, not to be free from pain, but to be with the Saviour, to be in a world of happiness, a world of holiness, a world of purity, with the redeemed of God.

There was very much, in regard to her whom God has taken away in his mysterious providence, that was exceedingly marked and peculiar. Her character was very uncommon, very unusual, in the Christian life. There was a consistency about it, a firmness, a fidelity, a constancy in her religion, and an intelligence, too, which are not always, nor very often, combined in the case of any one individual, and especially of those who enter on the Christian life so young in years as she was. She has been a member of the Church of Christ—a great part of that time a member of the church of which I am pastor—

for a little more than nineteen years. She was then young; but she gave her heart sincerely and truly and decidedly to her Saviour. She had been prepared for great excellence of character by her early training, by the manner in which she had been instructed in her early years, for the development of many of the traits of character which she manifested when she came decidedly under Christian influence and became a member of the Church of Christ.

There was great firmness of character. There was great consistency. There was a constant manifestation of the spirit of religion. There was great cheerfulness, and pleasantness, and kindness, in her manifestation of Christian piety; and there was a very remarkable power—springing from many sources in her character, intellectual, moral, and religious—of influencing other minds, and drawing other hearts, not only to herself, but to the religion of Christ. The attractions of the religion of Christ were set forth in the holy character and the spirit of piety which she manifested from year to year. This they who have known her best, and who have watched with any considerable interest the development of her remarkable character until she approached the close of life, will readily admit.

And her death, as I have been informed, and as you all know, was the appropriate close of such a life. Calm, submissive, patient, resigned, cheerful, happy,—trusting in her Saviour. Among the last expressions that fell from her lips was, “ALL IS PEACE.” And that was just the manifestation, beyond all doubt, of the feeling in her heart.

It pleased God to visit her, as you know, with very great suffering in her last days. And yet she has shown, on the bed of pain and in intense-ness of bodily anguish, the really true and sustaining nature of the religion of Jesus Christ. And, as the martyrs, when they went to the stake and when they were laid upon the rack, showed, in their sufferings, the power of religion to sustain amidst great bodily sufferings, so in her case, under the hand of her heavenly Father, she too has been permitted to furnish another illustration of the power of the grace of God to make the dying saint happy and cheerful, even though leaving every thing that was lovely and attractive and dear, and going through much pain into another world.

There are those in heaven—there will be those in heaven—who, it seems, in some way we shall distinguish from others. There was such a class that

attracted the attention of John in Patmos, when the vision was presented to him. He asked the angel who they were who were clothed in robes eminently white and lovely. "These are they," said the angel, "who are come up out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white"—that is, pure—"in the blood of the Lamb,"—not by their own native excellence or strength of character, but through "the blood of the Lamb,"—the blood which "cleanseth from all sin,"—cleansing their robes, making them pure, and fitting them to join in worship with those whose robes have never been sullied, around the throne of God.

Dear friends, God has honoured his Church on earth by preparing another saint for heaven,—one who furnished in her life undoubted evidence of her renovated nature and of her peace being made with God. He has added another to the saints above from this world. And he has left us,—young Christians,—all Christians,—an example of bright, cheerful, consistent, humble, devoted piety, until the termination of her course, by a peaceful, happy death. Let God be praised! It is not owing to any human virtue, but it is owing to the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ; and it is a most beautiful illustration

of the power of the grace of God, and the excellency of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

My dear friends, we shall die,—we shall all die. Every one within the sound of my voice will die. Have we an interest in Jesus? Are our names written in the book of life? Have we such piety, such love to Jesus, such dependence on him, that we can go through suffering such as this, if God shall appoint it unto us, with like resignation and calmness and submission to the divine will?

Oh, what an example have these mourning ones had of the nature of true piety!—an example which will never fade away from their remembrance. But, even in the midst of sorrows, and the anguished hearts of brothers and parents and sisters and husband on occasions like this, how much there is for gratitude to God! How much there should be in their hearts that should go forth in expressions of praise to Almighty God that he has blessed them with such a friend in her living and in her dying!

REMARKS AT THE GRAVE,

BY REV. DR. WYLIE.

How precious, in such moments as these, are the consolations of the glorious gospel! When earthly comforts are taken from us, that glorious gospel removes the veil that separates us from the unseen world, and calls upon us to follow those we love,—assuring us that they have gone from us to be with Christ, which is far better. Well may we be willing to part with them when we know that to live, for them, was Christ, and to die was gain. And, were it possible for a single word of ours to call from that dark, cold grave the body of her who has been taken from us, oh, could we say that word, and bid her struggle with the sorrows and ills of life longer, when we know that now she has entered into her eternal rest?

We *have* such consolations in reference to her who has departed; and we may be permitted on this occasion to bear our own testimony to her worth. We knew her well. We had the opportunity, but a

few weeks since, of a most delightful interview with her when she was hovering on the very verge of heaven; and then all seemed to be so peaceful and tranquil that the dying chamber had no gloom. It seemed as if death had no sting, and the grave had no victory. Her last words showed what was the condition of her mind. When she was asked whether her faith was firm, whether her hopes were bright and her prospects clear, her reply was, "*All is peace.*" Her end was peace. As she *lived* in the love and fear and service of the living God, so there was hope in her death; and we can stand here and without a murmur give her up to that divine and blessed Saviour, that she may be with him forever in heaven.

Our hearts, then, are consoled. All that remains is for us to seek the same precious faith that she had; that when, one by one, successively, we all shall be called to the grave,—when our spirits shall depart from this world,—we may leave behind us such consolations to those who survive us. May *we* find that, when we are called upon to surrender all that earth can give us, we receive what is far better when we enter

into the eternal rest which remains for the people of God. Oh, may God grant that such peace may be ours, and that such consolation may be ours, when the dying hour shall come to each of us!

THE END.





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